SIXTEENTH ANNUAL

LINCOLN DINNER

OF THE

REPUBLICAN CLUB

OF THE

CITY OF NEW YORK

1902

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PROCEEDINGS

AT

THE SIXTEENTH

ANNUAL LINCOLN DINNER

OF THE

REPUBLICAN CLUB

OF THE

CITY OF NEW YORK

CELEBRATED AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA THE NINETY-THIRD
ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTHDAY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12TH, 1902.

NEW YORK
PRESS OF F. R. BROOKE CO., BROADWAY AND EXCHANGE PLACE,
1902

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

EMANCIPATOR

MARTYR

BORN FEBRUARY 12TH, 1809

ADMITTED TO THE BAR 1837

ELECTED TO CONGRESS 1846

ELECTED
SIXTEENTH PRESIDENT
OF THE
UNITED STATES, NOVEMBER, 1860

EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION
JANUARY 1ST, 1863

RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE
UNITED STATES, NOVEMBER, 1864

ASSASSINATED APRIL 14TH, 1865

OFFICERS 1902

LOUIS STERN, PRESIDENT

VICE-PRESIDENTS

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ALEXANDER CALDWELL

JAMES R. SHEFFIELD

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Ex-Officio

TOASTS

HON. LOUIS STERN, *President of the Club, Presiding*

GRACE, - - - - - -

REV. RUFUS P. JOHNSTON

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, - - -

HON. JAMES WILLIS GLEED

A TRIBUTE TO McKINLEY, - -

HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

REPUBLICAN PARTY, - - -

HON. TIMOTHY L. WOODRUFF

THE CONQUERORS, - - -

HON. CRESSWELL MACLAUGHLIN

THE LINCOLN DINNER

OF THE

REPUBLICAN CLUB

THE Sixteenth Annual Dinner of the Republican Club of the City of New York was given at the Waldorf-Astoria, Wednesday, February 12th, 1902, on the Ninety-third Anniversary of the Birthday of Abraham Lincoln.

The President of the Club, Hon. Louis Stern, called upon the Rev. Rufus P. Johnston to say grace.

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INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

OF

Hon. LOUIS STERN,

PRESIDENT OF THE CLUB,
PRESIDING.

Ladies and Gentlemen, We meet again this evening as friends and lovers of our country to celebrate the natal day of a peerless American, a leader among leaders, and it is indeed a privilege and a pleasure as President of the Republican Club of the City of New York to bid you welcome and extend to you its hospitality.

In the swift flight of time forty years becomes as it were but forty days, and to some of you it must seem as yesterday when every eye in these passion-swept United States, nay, in all the civilized world, gazed with questioning and wonderment on the calm marvelous features of that extraordinary American, that indomitable republican chieftain, Abraham Lincoln. (Applause). He stood at the helm of the Ship of State steering her through the storm of war to the harbor of peace. Abroad millions gazed wonderingly upon him expecting that he would add to the reefs of historic time bestrewn with wrecks of government. the ruins of a republic. At home other millions reposed in him their uttermost confidence, giving at his bidding their lives and their treasure, and never faltering in their belief in him. Few in those days accurately measured the greatness of his character or the many-sidedness of his genius. Nay, more, they little realized that his very peculiarities of temperament and disposition preeminently fitted him for the work assigned to him by destiny. He was distinctly and typically an American, and as such posterity will honor him more and more.

My friends, little did we believe a year ago while celebrating the birthday of Lincoln that we should ever again be moved to

tears by the murder of a President. Little did we think that evening, as we recalled some of the many incidents that closed the career of Lincoln that before a year passed we should have stood at the grave of another war President struck down in the fulness of his manhood by an execrable creature.

It is a strange coincidence that close upon the conclusion of two wars the chief magistrates who conducted them should have been stricken down by assassins and their great work left unfinished to be taken up by other hands. President Lincoln saved the Union. No better evidence that the Union was preserved could be offered than that afforded by our recent war with Spain. When the conditions which made war inevitable were developed a cry came from the North and the South, and the sons of Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia and Mississippi and other Southern States, sprang to arms ready to stand shoulder to shoulder with the sons of Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio and all the Northern and Western States. It demonstrated a united country and a union of States. In Washington, long before the Maine was treacherously blown up while lying at anchor in the port of a nation with whom we were at peace, patiently toiled a man, weary and worn with heavy responsibilities. No one who has not gravely considered the enormous responsibility of the President of the United States can appreciate the patient toil and labor he must undergo when war clouds cast their ominous shadows over the country. No man has ever been called to this high office with a more profound appreciation of its responsibilities than William McKinley. (Applause). President McKinley's knowledge of affairs was so great, his method of being informed on all points having relation to the subject so businesslike, his sense of honor so imbued with the spirit of religious conscientiousness, that he inspired all the people with confidence, and when war was declared they all knew that President McKinley was ready for it. (Applause).

If the slave can look to Lincoln, the Cuban can look to McKinley; if a new South, daily growing stronger and richer can date its transformation from the presidency of Lincoln, the new Cuba, Porto Rica and the Philippines can date theirs from the presidency of McKinley. These are the milestones set on the pathway of history. To-day our flag flies on all seas, the emblem of the greatest republic the world has ever seen. Peace and tranquility bless these United States in their relationship to the family of nations, and the unparalleled prosperity of our people gives

to the humblest laborer in our land comforts that were not dreamed of years ago. An able and high minded chief magistrate is administering the affairs of government which were suddenly thrust upon him. By successive steps in the public service our fellow citizen won the esteem and confidence of the people, and when the call was made upon him in the moment of national bereavement he was prepared to assume the duties of his high office. To-day standing pleged to the policy of William McKinley, the civilized world centers its gaze upon the youngest of American presidents, Theodore Roosevelt (Applause), confident that he will meet the highest expectations.

Gentlemen, I will close by asking you to join me in a silent toast to the memory of our martyred Presidents, Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley. This toast was drunk standing and in silence.

Before introducing the speakers of the evening the Chairman of the Dinner Committee, Judge Deuel, will read letters from prominent men who are unable to be with us to-night.

(Judge Deuel then read letters from Hon. Robert T. Lincoln and Hon. M. A. Hanna, also from Gov. William H. Taft, of the Philippines.)

ADDRESS OF

Hon. JAMES WILLIS GLEED.

The President: Ladies and Gentlemen, the first speaker of the evening, hails from Kansas. In the old days, when the fight for free soil was on it was called bleeding Kansas, but in these days of Republican good times it may fittingly be named Booming Kansas. The orator to whom we are to listen was born as far east as Vermont, but early in his career he gave heed to Horace Greeley's admonition, and went West. His fame as an orator has preceeded him, and I am sure that with Abraham Lincoln as his theme he will be inspired to do his best. I have the pleasure of presenting to you the Hon. James Willis Gleed, of Kansas, who will speak to us of Abraham Lincoln. (Great Applause.)

TOAST—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Forty years have passed since the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln. His great secretaries and military commanders, his liuetenants in Congress, his staunch allies, the war governors of the States, the great intellectual, financial and political leaders of that far-off time, his friends and his enemies both North and South, who could properly be called his contemporaries, are all, or nearly all, at rest. Even the youngest of the boys who fought for and against him begin to be warned by the dimmed eye, the heavy ear, or the faltering step, that the time draweth nigh.

The president of to-day was in his cradle forty years ago. A new generation has come, to whom the stress and storm and passion of the great Rebellion are but as a story that is told; and even to the oldest of my hearers the fife, the drum, the tread of marching feet, the clash of arms and the roar of cannon are an echo and a memory growing ever dimmer and more distant.

During these forty years a thousand books have been written and published about Abraham Lincoln, and ten thousand essays and addresses. His career has been described and his

character has been analyzed; he has been placed and sung and glorified till history and philosophy and eloquence and poetry are exhausted and no new thing remains to be said.

But while, as each new anniversary arrives, we can only say the old things, it is fitting and proper that the old things should be said; and it is certain that they will be said every year more simply and reverently and sincerely. We cannot praise him; we cannot glorify him. We cannot even describe him—no words are simple and majestic enough but his own. I can think of no commemoration on an occasion like this quite fitting and adequate, except the Gettysburg address, the second inaugural, and a few moments of silent thankfulness to Almighty God for Abraham Lincoln. (Applause).

And yet we must remember that such deep feelings of reverence and gratitude are not native to the human heart—they do not come spontaneously to each new generation—but are born of study and reflection and, therefore, it is necessary that new books should be written and new addresses be made and that the old things should be said and said again.

In the few minutes allotted to me to-night I suppose it is not very important or material what special features of his career or his character or his teachings I endeavor to recall.

Mr. Lincoln in a marvelous way embodies the history and character of the American people. The tragedy of his life, like the tragedy of the nation's life, takes root a long way back. It was in Virginia that the first African slaves were landed. It was a Virginian, Colonel Mason, who said, in the Federal Convention: "Slavery brings the judgment of Heaven upon a country. As nations cannot be rewarded or punished in the next world, they must be in this. By an inevitable chain of causes and effects Providence punishes national sins by national calamities." It was another Virginian, Thomas Jefferson, who later said of slavery: "Indeed, I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just: and that his justice cannot sleep forever." When the national punishment came, it was Virginia that suffered most. In Virginia the great tragedy came to an end; and it was in Virginia that the father and the mother of Abraham Lincoln were born. Thus the tree of healing springs from the Old Domain where the national disease was first planted.

It is, perhaps, due to slavery that this father and mother can neither read nor write; that he is shiftless, inefficient and nomadic. It is, perhaps, due to slavery that we see the future president born as in a manger, amid surroundings most barren, hopeless and depressing. No angel of the Lord warns the shepherds of his advent. No star comes and stands over where the young child

lies. No Wise Men of the East visit his cradle. And had vision warned and star directed and were the wise men here, they could not worship; they could not believe that this rude log cabin, without window or door, on this barren farm in Hardin County, Kentucky, holds the saviour of a nation. (Applause.) To the Wise Men of the East no place more unlikely to cradle a great statesman than the rude hovel of this vagrant "poor white"; just as to the Wise Men of the West no place more unlikely to cradle a great, rugged, humane man of the people than a mansion of a merchant prince here in New York. (Applause.) Fortunately under our form of government neither Hardin County, Kentucky, nor New York City is barred. Fortunately under our form of government the merchant prince as well as the wandering pioneer may be father to a president. Fortunately under our Constitution we can avail ourselves of wisdom and of worth wheresoever they spring. (Applause.)

Regarding Mr. Lincoln, the important thing is, of course, to comprehend what he became, what he did and what he taught; and yet we love to dwell on the becoming—the early processes—and to go over the dramatic outward incidents of his life.

We follow him from Kentucky into Indiana. We see him at school there, in the open woods all day and by the firelight after the day's work is done. We take interest in his college days; we see him at his athletics in that wide, leafy, whispering gymnasium of his—axe in hand—building him a body of iron; and we see him in his library with the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress and Shakespeare and the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States; and somehow we know that these professors of his, Moses, and David, and Isaiah, and Bunyan, and Shakespeare, and Washington, and Jefferson, and the great World of Nature, and the Human Struggle and Suffering, are never in the future to be in anywise ashamed of their handiwork. (Applause.)

In 1830 we see him moving his family, with their scant and meager chattels westward to Illinois; we see him on his southern journey floating slowly down to his first shuddering contact with human slavery:—that thing which he said "had, and continually exercised, the power of making him miserable." We see him hunting his place in the world of work; he is a farm laborer, a flat-boatman, a clerk, a small merchant. He meditates becoming a blacksmith. He is a captain in the Black Hawk War. He becomes a surveyor and a postmaster, and finally devotes himself to the study and practice of the law.

We see him lifted and ennobled by the joy and the pain of a great and tender love. How pathetic the story of Ann Rutledge! He stands by her dying bed; he follows her to the grave; darkness overwhelms him; he sits at night with a friend, unnerved, trembling, tears trickling through his fingers, racked with the thought of the snow and the rain upon her grave; for months he is on the verge of insanity;—and the shadow is on his face and the melancholy is in his eyes that are to remain there and grow deeper to the end.

Always after this we feel the man to be above and outside the things he is doing, and apart from them. He does not seem ambitious. He does not seem to struggle. He seems to move patiently forward, faithfully performing the tasks as they come. He serves in the Legislature; he practices law; he is elected one term to Congress; he finds it disappointing; he applies for the General Land Office, and is refused; he goes back to the practice of his profession, giving up politics, as he thinks, for all time.

And now, after a considerable interval of quiet professional life, comes an ominous and fateful year. The period of mutual restraint, North and South, is at an end; slavery must be extended and live, or it must be restricted and die; the Missouri Compromise is repealed and the great battle has begun.

Fifty-four marks the beginning of the last decade of Lincoln's life. It marks the beginning of his ministry. Now we are to find what manner of man he has become and what place he is to hold in the history of the nation and of the world.

Biography should be read backward—first find what at maturity a man was and did—all else is incidental—and Mr. Lincoln's should begin here. From this on, he stands always in the white light. From this on, we can see for ourselves the great, patient purpose driving, the great intellect executing, the great heart suffering. From this on, we need take no man's word for him; we may study Lincoln direct; we have an authentic record—twelve hundred printed pages of his own words—his letters, speeches, messages and proclamations.

And what a marvelous record it is. Let any young American of this or future generations who seeks the true image, the unbroken melody, take up this record first—and last. And if he shall come to the task a little skeptical; if his observation in a peaceful and prosperous age shall have taught him that things are not always what they seem, that high power and high character are not always found in high places, that reputations are sometimes manufactured, that public opinion is often wrong; if he shall come to the task in a spirit tinged with cynicism; with a vague impression or suspicion that Lincoln's place in history

and his hold on human hearts was won by a mere shrewd, good-natured, story-telling politician; that his nomination was in part an accident and in part a compromise; that some or many of his doings and sayings will have to be apologized for; that he was a man who drifted with the current and who happened to be at the head of affairs during a highly critical period; that under pressure he developed good capacities, but that he was so placed as to reap the glory of other people's achievements; that the manner of his death, and the time of it, set a halo and mystic glory around him which make just criticism and sound judgment impossible;—if, I say, the young American of this or any future generation shall sit down to read that record with such prepossessions, or with any of them, he will rise up ashamed. (Applause.) He will rise up with the feeling that those twelve hundred pages, recording the thoughts, feelings, purposes, triumphs and sufferings of the last decade of Lincoln's life, make a book matchless since the Bible. It will be to him like a spiritual baptism—a new birth. And ever thereafter, when he listens to the words of any man, however great, however eloquent, about Lincoln, he will feel that he has the measure of the speaker or the writer, perhaps, but never the measure of Lincoln. (Applause.) He will feel ever more deeply that Lincoln, looked at through the eyes of any man however sympathetic, is simply Lincoln diminished, Lincoln lessened; and he will turn back unsatisfied to Lincoln's own printed pages and recorded words.

Oh, the strength and the grandeur of that record! Oh, the beauty, the gentleness, the tenderness of it! It seems to-day, forty years after, fresh-wet with tears; the blood-stains are not dry; the prayers still beat up to Heaven—or are but just now hushed! The meanest of us rises from it awe-stricken, with bated breath, humbled, comforted, inspired—with something of that heoric heart new-growing in his own: with something of those melancholy eyes new-shadowed in his, with something of that dauntless courage and invincible purpose knitting itself into his innermost being. There shines the mind, there throbs the heart, there moves the divine, undeviating purpose! Twelve hundred pages of words pressed out like drops of blood and sweat by a great civil struggle—burned out in the fiery furnace of war! No hatred, no scorn, no pride, no exultation, no selfishness, no weakness of any kind anywhere to be found! Every page with something to moisten the eye, to stiffen the will, to exalt the aspirations, to illumine the intellect, to set the heart throbbing or the nerves tingling! On every page some sentence that flashes like a search-light or rings like a rifle-shot. (Applause.) No other such record to be found in all literature.

In 1860, just after the Republican national convention, Mr. Beecher said to Mr. Raymond of the Times, "Your candidate (Seward) would not do in a crisis like this; he has too much head and too little heart." "And yours," said Raymond, "has, I fear, too much heart and too little head."

Wendel Phillips, sincere to the core, refusing to misstate his real views even by the coffin's side and under the pressure of universal sorrow, said, in '65: "No matter now that unable to lead and form the nation, he was content to be its mouthpiece and representative."

Had Mr. Lincoln "too little head"? Was he "unable to lead and form?" What does the record show?

Take for a moment the great debate with Douglas, which really began in 1854 and lasted until 1860. What shall we expect of this debate? Mr. Lincoln has a great reputation for humor; he has been born and has grown up and has always lived on the border; he is supposed to be deficient in education; his audiences are supposed to be rude, rough, pioneer audiences. What shall we expect, then, of this debate? Wit, anecdote, personalities, keen thrusts, excess of emotion and ornamentation, a tinge of coarseness, something of blare and breath and broadness; much to be apologized for and excused, yet all to be redeemed by a certain rugged strength and underlying sincerity—and occasional flashes of insight and foresight proving him a native, though untrained, undisciplined genius?

Will the form and manner be crude and faulty, the matter bold, audacious and free even to lawlessness? We read and rub our eyes astonished. It is all so simple, so lucid, so logical, so chaste and unadorned, so tremendously earnest, and oh, so ineffably fair and candid and kind! No laughter, no personalities, no play upon the emotions, no tricks of oratory; nothing but the light of reason and the steady fire of moral conviction. He does not dazzle nor drive nor overwhelm, but he wins, he melts, he persuades, he steals his very enemies away from their most cherished beliefs. We read the speeches of others and we say: "What an orator! How bold! How brilliant! What learning! What logic! What power!" We read this long debate and we say: "How was it possible to think or feel otherwise?"

And as for lawlessness! It was Mr. Beecher of Brooklyn, who wanted it graven on his tombstone that he "scorned and spit upon the fugitive slave law." Mr. Lincoln said: "Every provision of the Constitution must be obeyed in good faith." It was Boston voice that condemned that Constitution as a league with hell; Mr. Lincoln maintained it was the Ark of the Covenant.

How shall we mark the great mind, the real leader, in public affairs? Must he not be the man who most fully comprehends existing conditions; the man whose aims are highest, broadest, most far-reaching, and most steadily maintained; the man who applies to existing conditions those measures best calculated to work the result desired?

Measured thus, what shall be said of Mr. Lincoln? In 1854 he understood, better than any other man, the existing conditions, North and South. He comprehended the entire slavery question. He saw and pitied the bondage of the blacks. He saw and pitied the bondage of the whites. "He who would be no slave," said he, "must have no slave." Slavery was slavery to whites as well as to blacks. The institution was not only morally wrong—it was materially destructive and wasteful. It ate up, it wasted the power and virtue of both races; and it ate up, it devoured, the power and virtue of the very soil. Its steady tendency was more land, more slaves—less product. It must be extended to live; confined to the old slave states it would destroy itself. He saw this. He saw, too, the bondage and the blindness of the people of the North—their servility, their cowardice, their moral lethargy. He saw a part cringing, pliant, prostrate; a part utterly indifferent; almost all, in 1854, selfishly engrossed.

Thus he understood the conditions in 1854. He understood something else. He understood the Constitution; he revered, he worshipped the Declaration of Independence.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." This Mr. Lincoln confessed as the substance of his religion, and this is the very pith and core and essence of his political faith and teaching. (Applause.) It was his religion, his morals, his politics and his statesmanship. "Thy neighbor as thyself," translated into government, meant to him, "All men are created free and equal."

He believed in the Declaration of Independence. He believed that the sufferings, the life-and-death struggle of the Revolutionary Fathers, lifted them for the time being to new heights of spiritual vision: and that in the end they conquered not merely the armies of King George, but they conquered themselves and Old World prejudices and inherited evils and errors. The Declaration was the source of all his political sentiments; he frequently said so. It is the text of all his political teaching and the motive of all his political measures. It runs like a strand of gold though the whole fabric of his life. It is the very background and atmosphere of the picture—the theme and melody

of the whole majestic composition—"All men are created equal —all men are created equal."

He believed in equality. In that attitude of mind under which society says to each new soul as it appears, not: "What have you?" not, "What bring you?" "Whence come you?"—race, caste, class, color?—but simply, "What are you—what can you do?" (Applause.)

Lincoln believed in equality. It was not "a self-evident lie," it was not a mere glittering generality; it was a great political and spiritual truth; it was a wide-sweeping, all-embracing, life-giving principle;—the very sun of the true social and political system.

He not only believed in the Declaration as a religion, but he understood it as a policy—he saw more and more clearly, as time went on, the extreme wisdom of it. He saw more and more as time went on, the spread of intelligence that lay in it, the growth of virtue that lay in it, the increase of wealth that lay in it, the perpetual harvest of patriotism, of manhood, of national strength and power, to spring from that simply stated truth if really understood and faithfully followed. (Applause.)

And how has history justified his faith! It is a great argument for this great doctrine of equality that it has made us rich; it is a greater argument that it gave us that splendid army of volunteers in '61; it is the greatest argument that when our existence as a nation hung in the balance, when the Declaration itself was on trial for its life, this doctrine of equality gave to us, gave to that army and gave to humanity the life and services of Abraham Lincoln. (Applause.)

Now one more factor in the problem. He appreciated the value of the Union. The Union was everything. The extrene abolitionists, hating slavery, were demanding immediate, universal emancipation; otherwise, disunion. The extreme Southern leaders, understanding slavery—that it must be extended or die —were demanding extension or disunion. Mr. Lincoln saw that to give up the Union was to confess the failure of free institutions before the world—the inability of democracy to maintain itself in a crisis. It meant the negro abandoned. It meant weakness, waste and perpetual warfare—if not chaos—to North and South. The anti-slavery cause, the cause of the Constitution and of the Declaration, all hung on the preservation of the Union.

Restrict slavery, give it no new land to feed on, let the nation as a nation stand once more on the Declaration, preserve the Union, and slavery will starve and suffocate. The spirit of slavery and the spirit of the Declaration "cannot stand together. They are as opposite as God and Mammon; and whosoever holds

to the one must despise the other." This he said to the people of Illinois in 1854; and in 1858 he tolled forth the same warning to the whole nation.

"A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect that it will cease to be divided."

Thus Mr. Lincoln, understading slavery and hating it, understanding the Declaration, the Constitution and the Union, and loving them, framed the issue. Slavery is wrong; it shall not be extended, but restricted and left to destroy itself. The Declaration is right and shall be restored. The Constitution shall be preserved and the Union forever maintained. This was the broad issue. Lincoln made it in fifty-four; he made it broad; he kept it broad. On this issue, thus framed, the whole battle was fought from fifty-four clear down to Appomattox.

Is there no evidence here of intellect, of understanding, of real leadership?

The position taken and maintained in this great debate was not compromise—as many charged then. It was a wide view of the present, a far view into the future—as we understand now. It was not compromise in any sense; it was complete comprehension, complete wisdom, complete sanity.

Mr. Lincoln was always supremely sane.

We love the leader of a forlorn hope; we love the man who will sacrifice all for a cause; we admire the man who speaks out—who utters all that he thinks or feels—and even a little more out of the excess of courage and sincerity; the heart leaps in sympathy with him who will not equivocate, will not excuse, will not retreat a single inch, and who will be heard;—and even with the blind old fanatic who, single-handed and alone, takes up arms against a nation.

Such things awe and dazzle us like a storm. But beyond the roar and dazzle of the storm, above the angry cloud, behind the thunderbolt, is the Firmament, is Providence, is Supreme Intelligence and Changeless Purpose. "God dwelleth in eternity and has an infinite leisure to roll forward the affairs of men." And as the scales fall from our eyes, shall we not more and more see and feel how much greater, grander, and more sublime is the silent, suffering, intelligent patience and endurance of Lincoln, than the holy scorn and righteous, tempestuous wrath of these others? (Applause.)

And so the period of debate came to an end, and the period of action arrived. The nation, blind and tormented, was feeling about for its deliverer; and we cannot believe that the hand that

groped in darkness was left to chance or fortune; we must believe that it was by some divine guidance that it rested finally upon Abraham Lincoln. (Applause.)

With that pathetic farewell to his friends at Springfield, he journeyed down to Washington. We know what he finds there. Mr. Buchanan, willing, as was said, to give up a part of the Constitution, or even the whole of it, if perchance he might save the rest, had left everything undone that ought to have been done. A great rebellion has been inaugurated. Mr. Lincoln confronts not mere ill-controlled mobs risen against the very idea of government, but seven sovereign states—later eleven—fully organized, officered, armed, equipped, with all the machinery of government running smoothly and all compact and united for the protection of a vast material interest. With the seceding states have gone senators, representatives, secretaries, federal judges, foreign ministers and consuls, army and navy commanders, inferior officers, heads of departments and clerks without number —carrying over to the enemy all their resources of knowledge, skill, experience and leadership—depriving the federal government of its very memory and leaving every department confused, unnerved and paralyzed. Hidden disloyality, more deadly than open desertion, lurks in every branch of the civil service. No man knows whom to trust. The treasury is empty. Arms, arsenals, ships, navy yards, fortifications and garrisons have been betrayed or abandoned. Foreign governments are unfriendly, prejudiced, and ready to intervene. The people of the North are torn with conflicting views. For them no obvious material interest is at stake—their lives are not threatened, their property not endangered; and on the question of right and wrong public opinion is for the moment divided, confused, without form and void. Darkness is on the face of the deep; and even when the light dawns and the dry land of righteousness, the granite peaks and fertile plains of loyality, appear, there also appear here and there throughout the North the bogs and swamps and rotten morasses of sordid self-interest, secret sympathy, and silent treachery!

To bring order out of such chaos, to put down such a rebellion, is the task confronting the new executive. And it is not enough to restore order and put down the rebellion; it must be done without the destruction of popular institutions; without injury to free government; it must be done in such a way as to make the Union, when restored, as nearly as possible a real Union; it must be done in such a way as to leave no wasting wounds—no incurable diseases in the body politic.

And more; the crisis is new in human experience. There is no history, no precedent to go to. Rebellions have indeed been put down, but not by such governments as ours. The very material Lincoln has to work with is of a new sort. Napoleon put down a revolution, but the people had long been accustomed to despotic rule. There was civil war in Cromwell's time, but the people were wonted to one-man government. But here is a people, free, peaceful, unused to arms, jealous of power, and accustomed to no government at all in the Old World sense. Thus out of the character of our people and the form of our government a hundred vast and perplexing questions arise that are not only new here, but new in the world.

To such tasks, under such conditions, comes Abraham Lincoln, of Springfield, Illinois, age fifty-two, attorney at law, commercial rating three thousand dollars, besides homestead exempt. (Laughter and applause.) He comes without military experience, without diplomatic experience, without any experience at all, we may almost say, in the administration of large affairs. His personal acquaintances is small. He is a stranger to his own party; and that party, really a minority party, is new and strange to itself—made up of discordant elements bound together only by a determination that the Union of the whole country must and shall be preserved. (Applause.)

The tasks are gigantic enough; the conditions to the last degree perplexing; his experience and preparation almost nothing.

On the other hand, there is the just God in Heaven in whom he trusts; and there is the American people whose temper and power he understands. (Applause.) He trusts in God; he understands the American people.

The American people! Ah, there was the arsenal! There was the courage, there was the conscience, there was the overwhelming power! Latent, dormant for the time being, yet there was the power; there it was, spread across the continent like a sleeping sea! There it lay in the hearts of some millions of common American men—and boys—and women! There it lay as it lies now, in the stored intelligence, skill, conscience, self-control, devotion, and invincible courage of the American people. (Applause.) Intelligence, conscience, strength, heroism, were common then, as they were three years ago—as they are to-day. What we had then, what we have now, was, and is, an almost limitless store of human skill and capacity. It was this which constituted our real wealth then. It is this which constitutes our wealth and strength to-day. (Applause.) This Mr. Lincoln understood. He knew the common people. He knew the farm boys who could be turned into captains and colonels—

good enough in time of war. He knew the canal drivers, the real estate agents and the tanners who could command armies and win victories. (Applause.)

He said in that special message of his, "So large an army as the government has now on foot was never before known without a soldier in it but who has taken his place there of his own free choice.

"But more than this: There are many single regiments whose members, one and another, possess full practical knowledge of all arts, sciences, professions and whatever else is known in the world, and there is scarcely one from which there could not be selected a president, a cabinet, a congress, and perhaps a court, abundantly competent to administer the government itself."

It was this high and sympathetic estimate of the talent and capacity of the American people which enabled Mr. Lincoln to rally and make effective the real strength of the country.

We cannot follow him in detail through those four years of blood and fire—we cannot tell the story of the war—but there it is in that record! There you see him pleading with the South; uniting the North; holding on to the border states; watching the newspapers; watching elections; watching public demonstrations; watching Congress; controlling the various executive departments; flanking copperheads and peace Democrats; flanking his own unreasonable friends; flanking regiments of office and commission-seekers, as well as regiments of rebels; raising troops; creating a navy; studying maps; planning campaigns; making, encouraging, stimulating, rebuking and un-making generals; protecting the public credit; pondering foreign relations; solving great constitutional problems; encouraging and comforting his soldiers and his people; issuing a steady stream of messages, proclamations, decisions and various state papers—all calm, matured, prudent, eloquent, wise; destroying four million slaves and putting in their places four million free men; rebuilding from the outside loyal state governments; collecting and spending millions upon millions of wealth; holding as in the hollow of his hand the lives and properties of more than half a continent; wielding a power really as great and absolute as any despot ever had in history, yet exercising that power reluctantly, mercifully, and with scrupulous and painful regard to every constitutional limitation and every individual right.

There he stands for four awful years, hasting not, resting not, looking forward and backward, surveying all, controlling all, caring for all, like Fate or Providence itself. Calmly he takes each man's censure; steadfastly he reserves his judgment; nothing too soon; nothing too late. The people must have time

to think; the battle is theirs. Emancipation cannot come at once; its necessity must be seen; the border states must, if possible, be held. McClellan must be kept a while;—till the people and the army can see him as he is. Negro regiments will not do at first; but negro regiments come as Northern prejudice melts. On this general and that, on this question and on that, he bides his time. The present is not all; there is the future. The army is not all; there are the people. In the midst of a war, the most, gigantic of modern times, every move and measure must in sixty-four, in accordance with the constitution, be submitted to the people; the people must be held as well as fields of battle—for Democratic measures will never save the nation. (Applause.)

And so in the fulness of time all is submitted to the people and by the people approved; and the war goes on and the great task is finally performed. The clear, simple, definite issue conceived and stated by him in '54 has been fought out. Slavery is abolished; the Declaration restored, the Constitution intact, the Union preserved and established on a firmer foundation. Is there not some evidence here of intellect and leadership?

We know from many speeches delivered on that journey from Springfield to Washington, that Mr. Lincoln himself had Raymond's doubts about his head and Phillips's doubt about his fitness to lead. Let us hope that in those last bright days in early April, 1865, when he was down there at City Point sending in glad tidings hour by hour to the stern old lion of the war department—the victory sure, the burden lifted—that he allowed himself a little pleasant human consciousness of the greatness of his leadership and the grandeur of his achievements; (Applause) that for one fleeting moment he opened his heart to "the gentle pride and joy of noble fame." (Applause.)

Great as was Lincoln's intellectual endowment, it was not his greatest.

> "A power was his beyond the touch of art
> Of armed strength; his pure and mighty heart."

We may pass over the dry, uninteresting, unpoetic virtures. He had no vices; he was scrupulously honest and scrupulously truthful. These things make an admirable man, but not necessarily an adorable one. Lincoln was adorable! His soul seems indescribably spacious. The mere cataloging of admirable characteristics with incidents and illustrations will not convey the full sense of his magnanimity.

Take his loyalty, his faithfulness, his deep and abiding reverence for his country's institutions. He hated slavery. Notwithstanding this, he said: "We are under a legal obligation to

catch and return the runaway slaves. I confess I hate to see them hunted down and carried back to their stripes and unrequited toil, but I bite my lips and keep quiet," At another time he said: "If slavery is not wrong, then nothing is wrong. I cannot remember when I did not so think and feel; and yet I have never understood that the presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act officially upon this judgment and feeling. It was in the oath I took that I would preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States. I could not take the office without taking the oath, not was it my view that I might take an oath to get power and break the oath in using the power."

Thus in every emergency we find him slow and reluctant in the assumption and exercise of unusual or extraordinary powers and swift and eager in laying them down. To him the law, the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, are sacred and holy.

He was very anxious about the election in 1864. Doubtless he had some wish for personal approval and vindication, but we cannot see this personal motive in him very strong. We know he was weary; we know he was heavy-laden; we see him as pictured by Carpenter, gazing out toward the Virginia horizon and repeating to himself:

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest,"

and he goes on: "How willingly would I change places with the humblest private who sleeps to-night on the banks of the Potomac!" This was his deep mood; the end was drawing nigh for him; he had passed through the fiery furnace; the desire for earthly reward could not have been pulling very hard at his heartstrings then; but he believed that the fate of the blacks, the fate of the nation, the fate of humanity, hung upon that election; and he was extremely anxious for Republican victory. And yet, desiring it so much, wielding a power so vast, observe how fair, how just, how scrupulous he is!

Consider his unselfishness. See how devoted he is to his cause and how careless of his own personal success—how inconsiderate always of Abraham Lincoln. In '54 he gave way to Trumbull to make sure of a vote in the Senate against the extension of slavery. In '58 he he deliberately risked defeat by Douglas in order to make sure of national Republican success in '60. In the Douglas canvass he says: "I claim no extraordinary exemption from personal ambition; that I like preferment as well as the average man may be admitted; but I protest that

I have not entered this hard contest solely or even chiefly for a mere personal motive."

We cannot think of Lincoln as in the ordinary sense ambitious. Public affairs do not present themselves to him as an arena, a race-course, for Abraham Lincoln; but as a field or a vineyard to be made fruitful for the common good.

When he comes to the presidential chair, how free he is of all consciousness of Lincoln, how unspotted by pride of any sort, how extremely careful of the feelings and prejudices and honor of other men, how careless of his own. The first inaugural is so pathetic in its appeal to the seceding states that it has been criticized as unmanly. To the border states he said: "I do not argue—I beseech that you make arguments for yourselves."

All there is of Abraham Lincoln—his pride and dignity and honor, so-called, and reputation—every feeling and emotion of just and proper resentment—everything but principle—he is ever willing to sacrifice to attain the great end.

Greater than all this was his justice, his fairness toward the South, his sympathy with the Southern people, his magnanimity toward even the leaders of the Rebellion.

In the matter of slavery the South was guilty, but the North was not innocent. The South kept slaves, but the North used the sugar and cotton and so shared in the profit. "God gives to both North and South," he said, "this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense cometh."

He did not slur over or ignore the guilt of secession, but if you will observe him throughout the four years of his service, with the press misrepresenting him; radical anti-slavery leaders stabbing him; the public at times misunderstanding him; the governors and generals complaining of him, his enemies jeering, his friends faltering, doubting and scolding; with armies meeting disaster after disaster; with the Union he loved shattered into fragments; with the slavery he hated securing perhaps a still firmer foothold; with the cause of popular institutions trembling in the balance; with the shrieks of the wounded, the groans of the dying, the wail of the widowed and fatherless ringing in his ears; torn, wounded, crushed in every way; suffering as only One suffered;—there yet is not a note of scorn, not even an epithet of hate, not a word of bitterness in all that matchless record. (Applause.).

He had the gentlest, tenderest heart that ever beat. He could be firm. General Grant wired in August, 1864, that he was unwilling to break his hold where he then was. To which the President replied, "Neither am I willing. Hold on with a bull-dog grip and chew and choke as much as possible." This is an order stern and strong enough to please the most resolute, and

yet we know he had the gentlest, tenderest heart that ever beat. It was always so.

Riding across the prairies of Illinois with his fellow lawyers on the circuit, he discovered one day some new-fledged birds blown too early out of the nest, in great distress. He stopped, dismounted, gathered the little frightened creaures in his great hand, and hunted till he found the nest and put them back. Walking down a street of Springfield on one occasion after his return from Congress, he found a little girl weeping. She was to go on a journey, her trunk was packed, the train was almost due, but the baggageman was missing. It was all arranged in a moment, and a huge ex-Congressman, with a trunk on his shoulder and a little girl by the hand, reached the station just in time.

William Scott, a lad from Vermont, stood guard one night in place of a sick friend. The next night he was detailed on his own account. He was caught asleep, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be shot by his own comrades. And thereupon the great, gentle-hearted President of the United States, commander-in-chief of the army and navy, throwing aside all his overwhelming cares and duties, went in person to Chain Ridge and hunted up William Scott, and investigated the circumstances, and issued such orders that William Scott died a martyred hero fighting for his country, and not a condemned and disgraced traitor.

Hundreds of such instances are known. He is always saying, "It will do the boy no good to shoot him." Everywhere you find yearning and pathetic appeals for opportunty to pardon. He never seeks excuse for severity—but always excuse for clemency. He is always trying to evade what he calls "this butchering business." His tenderness of heart is by no means confined to questions of life and death. He appeals to have a boy's pay restored. "Loss of pay falls so hard upon poor families." He wants no stain or shadow upon any soldier's record for immaterial causes. Nothing more impresses you in his letters that the effort he makes to wound no man's feelings unneccessarily. When he says it pains him not to make the appointment asked for, you know it does. His sympathy is not assumed—it is not diplomatic; it is not " a glove of velvet on a hand of steel;" it is deep, sincere, inexhaustible. This is not a hand of steel at all, but a warm, kind, human, ungloved hand of flesh and blood.

With so much gentleness, tenderness and sympathy, no wonder he is described as—

> "That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
> For storms to beat on."

And how the storms beat and what suffering is his! His proclamations plead and pray. His military dispatches sob. "How is it now, how is it now?" he asks. How pathetically thankful he is for every bit of good news. "A thousand thanks for the relief your dispatches give me." He suffers, but he does not flinch; he does not stop his ears; he will, he must, know all, feel for all, care for all. Yet each added month of torture finds him gentler, kinder, tenderer. He loves most who suffers most. Nothing in all that record to incite any man to hate; not a page to harden any man's heart; nothing that does not seem to cleanse and melt. "Die when I may," he said a little before the end, "I want it said of me by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted aflower wherever I thought a flower would grow." And so through all this rude business of battle he planted flowers to the end.

His religion was to do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with his God. How deep, through all his fiery trials, was his trust, how simple and sincere his faith, how complete his submission. "And thus having chosen our course," he said in the beginning, "without guile and with pure purpose, let us renew our trust in God and go forward without fear and with manly hearts." And toward the end, "The purposes of the Almighty are perfect and must prevail. We hoped for a happy termination of this terrible war long before this; but God knows best and has ruled otherwise. We shall yet acknowledge his wisdom."

Mr. Lincoln was not a self-made man, nor a luck-made man, but a God-made man. God needed him and God made him. God guided and sustained him. "And he was not, for God took him." When the great sad eyes were closed, Stanton said, "And now he belongs to the ages." A million soldiers sobbed, "My Captain, O my Captain!" A Nation bowed its head in grief and hearts were washed with tears. (Applause.)

Thank God for Abraham Lincoln. However lightly the words may sometimes pass our lips, let us speak them now and always of this man, sincerely, solemnly, reverently; as so often dying soldiers and bereaved women and little children spoke them. Thank God for Abraham Lincoln—for the Lincoln who died and whose ashes rest at Springfield—for the Lincoln who lives in the hearts of the American people—in their widened sympathies and uplifted ideals. Thank God for the work he did, is doing, and is to do.

Thank God for Abraham Lincoln!

ADDRESS OF

Senator CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

The President: Ladies and Gentlemen: The next speaker requires no introduction to any audience in these United States of America (Applause). Not to know Senator Depew is to argue one's self unknown. Ever since he attained his majority he has labored in the service of this great country for the people by the people and of the people. He will pay tribute to our late President, William McKinley, and we all know he will speak with a full heart of our late loved and lamented President (Applause).

TOAST—A TRIBUTE TO McKINLEY.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen :

William McKinley was the product and representative of that development of Americanism which has aroused intense interest and discussion at the commencement of the 20th Century. Industrial America owes more to him than any other statesman. Though never a business man or an employer of labor he created those enterprises which have given unequalled position, wages and work to his countryman. Though never a manufacturer he gave the impulse and opportunity for manufacturers which have placed the surplus of the mills and factories of the United States in the markets of the world and given them success not only in the competitive countries of the East but upon the soil and alongside the most highly organized industries of Europe. Though always a poor man and leaving an estate which was the result only of the savings from his salary as President and his life insurance, he made possible the gigantic fortunes which have been amassed by master minds in the control, use and distribution of iron, coal, oil, cotton and wool and their products. Though never an organizer or beneficiary of combinations or trusts, yet the constant aggregation of most idustries in vast corporations of fabulous capital, while due to tendencies of the age and common to all countries, received tremendous acceleration from his

policies. The dominant idea which governed his public life was that measures which brough out our National resources and increased our National wealth, added to the security, comfort and happiness of every citizen. Some might profit more than others, but everyone shared in greater or less degree in the general prosperity. Pride in his country and love for his people were the mainsprings of his career. The period of impressionable youth was passed in Ohio which was a storm center of slavery agitation and Union controversy. He heard all about him the mutterings of the coming storm which was to put to the test of arms the existence of the Republic. Slavery became to him not only the sum of abominations but the one and only menace to the union of the States. He was an eager listener to the fiery speeches of that remarkable body of advocates of freedom led by Joshua Giddings and Benjamin Wade. Webster's immortal speech in reply to Hayne for "Liberty and Union, one and inseparable now and forever," became imbedded in his mind and heart. With this preparation, though only seventeen years of age when the Civil War broke out, nothing could keep him from enlistment and impulsive patriotism, swept away all objections to his youth.

The temptations of the camp, the march and the foray and the perils of battle tested the character and courage of this boy to the uttermost. But the religious training of a pious mother and a godly father, and his absorbing attachment to the cause of liberty and union kept him as pure in thought and action as if in the associations of home, or in the emulous and invigorating studies and companionship of school and college.

McKinley the soldier moulded McKinley the statesman. For four years the one object before him, at sunrise and sunset, leading the way in toilsome marches, its folds illuminating the tented field and inspiring defense and assault, was the flag. It was dearer to him than life, and for it he repeatedly risked his life. It stood for country, home and liberty. It became sacred in his eyes, and he followed it with devotion amounting almost to adoration. He rarely, in after years, ever made a speech which did not have some affectation or patriotic allusion to Old Glory. It fixed his career and public life. Where he could advance the best interests of the Republic became his aim and ambition.

But the Army developed and strengthened another characteristic. The comradery of the camp appealed to his sympathetic nature. His fellow soldiers were more than comrades; they were intimate friends. He knew them in health and in the hospital, in the fury of the fight and the exhaustion of wounds and disease. He was first at their side when in danger or distress and the soul

of sport at the feast or the jollification. Thus he became in its best sense a lover of his fellow men.

No official was ever so considerate of the feelings of others. He delighted in the bestowal of office and was grieved when he had to deny the applicant. His greatest pleasure was in meeting and greeting his countrymen and countrywomen. Whether they were friends or strangers that cordial grasp, that kindly smile, that honest interest in every one who came near him sent both the successful and disappointed from his presence feeling that the meeting was itself a decoration. It was the irony of fate that the most lovable and the best loved man who ever attained the Presidency should die at the hands of an assassin.

But the game of war could not interest this most sympathetic of men (I was about to say humane but the word is inadequate). No matter how great his own sorrows or troubles those of a friend at once claimed his care and his were for the time forgotten. Confidence in another and ignorance of business drew from him the endorsements of notes which swept away his little property and involved him in a mountain of indebtedness. His wife threw her estate into the vortex and they were bankrupt at a period in life when to take up a profession or engage in business successfully is impossible. He was full of resentment, but when the friend through whom he had suffered explained the terrible results of his failure to himself and his family, McKinley burst into tears—had no thought except for the rescue of the man, and cried "We must find a way to save you. We will find a way to save you."

Americanism with him meant the victories of peace. To see the United States controlling its own markets and successfully competing with other nations in the markets of the world was his idea of the true glory of his country. That Americans had won in the bids for a bridge over the Nile, or rails for Russian roads, or cars for Australia, or had introduced successfully agricultural machines and electrical appliances on the Continent of Europe and textile fabrics in Great Britian, gave him more pride and pleasure than any possible triumph on land or sea. He would exhaust every resource of diplomacy and adopt every measure of conciliation and arbitration before going to war.

He entered Congress at the most critical period of our legislative history. The pacification of the Nation, the reconstruction of the States, the welding of the broken bonds of Union into a free Republic which should be as loyally supported by those who had sought to destroy as by those who had fought to save it, and financial and industrial problems rested the whole fabric of prosperity were the questions to be met.

The happiness of the American home and the welfare of the individual American citizen were the aims of McKinley. He believed that in industrial success were good character, good habits and good citizenship. Employment which should be easily attainable for everybody upon a renumerative and ascending scale of wages, making it possible for energy, industry and intelligence to buy and maintain a cottage or a farm, dotting the land with enterprises which would develop the resources or power of the neighborhood and bringing farms and factories together were his remedies for all National ills, his panacea for insuring National greatness and a contented people. A large number of his countrymen differed widely with him in the measures by which he sought to accomplish these beneficient ends, but they did not question the purity of his purposes or the sincerity of his convictions. He thus became the most eloquent and convincing advocate of the policy of a protective tariff and the embodiment and representative of the principle of fostering by legislation industrial development. Three statesmen served long together in the House of Representatives and left lasting impressions on the history of the country. They were William McKinley, James A. Garfield and James G. Blaine. The ambition of each was to be President of the United States. Two attained that distinction and Blaine lost the great prize by an accident when it was within his grasp. They were rivals but loyal friends, and their emulous strife never impaired their relations or their efforts for the one who for the time was the favorite of their party. Blaine was a picturesque and brilliant leader with a rare talent for the initiative in formulating policies which won popular favor and in devising measures to meet popular demands. His alert genius was quick to see and seize advantages in foreign or domestic policies. Garfield was rather a parliamentary than a popular leader. His field was in Congress in the appeal for and the defence and management of the bills which the caucus and its committees had decided must pass. Their labors covered the whole field of debatable questions and party activity. McKinley possessed the greater industry and steadfastness of purpose. He bent all the power of a superior intelligence to the perfection and triumph of the principle in whose practical application he belived lay the security and prosperity of the country. In large and in detail he was a profound student of economic problems. While he had neither the training nor the temperament for success in business he knew better the conditions and prospects, at home and abroad, of every branch of industry than those who had spent their lives in its development and accumulated fortunes by their sagacity. He could not practically conduct any trade, but was able to sug-

gest and provide laws for the benefit of all manufactures so wise and beneficient that the captains of industry bowed to his judgment and followed his lead. His profound knowledge of these questions, his eagerness to have the people agree with him and his deep convictions gave an earnestness and force to his advocacy which educated an orator of uncommon power. He was not magnetic like Blaine nor emotional like Garfield, but there was wonderful force in his eloquence. An honest, earnest, sympathetic speaker, master of his subject, and possessed of a singularly lucid style, pleaded like an evangelist for the material salvation of the people. Much speaking on the same subject gave his efforts an axiomatic style which coined maxims and phrases that became part of the current thought and common language of the country. While he never rose to the majestic heights of Webster's reply to Hayne he was always immensely interesting and at times it seemed in the splendor of his speech that by a supreme effort he might advance one step further and stand beside the immortal orators of inspired genius.

Most public men cultivate seclusion and owe much to a fascinating mystery which surrounds them; but McKinley delighted in crowds. While with singular unanimity the people dread the assembling of Congress and regard its adjournment as a blessing, he was never so happy as when the National Legislature was in session. If a Senator or Member of the House failed to appear frequently he noted his absence and gently chided him. He was just as glad to see and greeted as cordially his political opponents as his friends. The representatives of the people were for him—the telephones of public opinion. No President has ever had such influence with Congress. His ability to allay strife in his own party and win support from the other was marvelous. The disappointed office-seeker nursing a grievance and lying in wait for vengeance, and the most stubborn opponent, were alike clay in his hands. In that forum, Congress, where every President has repeatedly been foiled, McKinley never suffered defeat.

His faith in the public intelligence and conscience was supreme. He believed the people knew more than any man, no matter how great his talents or opportunities. He never tried to lead, but studied so constantly public opinion that he became almost infallible in its interpretation. Great audiences in the open were his intelligence offices. He would mingle with the crowd as a man and a brother. He could not comprehend that the world held a wretch so depraved or so criminal so vile as to abuse the simple and sacred trust which a President thus put in the people who had chosen him for their ruler. And yet one, defaming and

degrading a righteous cause, aimed a frightful blow at liberty, the liberty of intercourse between citizens and their chief magistrate, when he accepted hospitality and welcome to murder the most eminent and best loved of the people.

The Presidency did not change or elevate the Tribune. The dignity of the office was never better sustained, but its majesty was concealed. Familiar speech and caressing touch were there for all, and with them an indefinable reserve of power and of the respect due the office which kept the dullest and most audacious within rigid limits of propriety and decorum. The vast majority are lonesome in crowds; he could not bear to be alone. His pleasure in the long journeys across the continent was when the train stopped and the whole population surged around him. When the local committee, proud of the palaces of their wealth, their public buildings, art galleries and libraries, tried to show them, he cared not, and demanded to be taken to the wharfs where the fleets of commerce were loading and unloading the interchanges of the country and the world, to the mills, the factories, the furnaces and the mines. He did not like the pomp of glittering parades, but the farmer afield with plow or scythe or sower or mower or reaper, or a procession of artisans hurrying to or contentedly leaving their work, carried him to joyous heights of enthusiasm and happiness.

The prolonged and financial and industrial depression which preceded his election was the opportunity he at once saw and seized. The slogan he had sounded as a citizen, as an orator, and as a Congressman, now rang from the White House with a clarion clearness which aroused the country. It was to him the triumphal hour of faith and works. In his impatience for the trial of his favorite theories, he did his best to prevent the war with Spain. He detested war and he shrank with horror from its cruelties and with dread from the interruptions of industries it usually entails. When the country would not wait his efforts for peace he pushed preparations for war and forced the fighting with a wise and resistless energy which recalled the best efforts of Carnot and of Stanton. His favorite recollection of the civil war was not the many bloody and heroic struggles in which he bore an honorable part, not the promotions which came to him for gallantry in action, but that in the heat of battle at Antietam he had loaded his commissary wagon with food and coffee, and calmly driving amidst the storm of shot and shell, had brought succor and relief to the survivors of his comrades who had been fighting steadily for many hours. His supreme satisfaction in the result of the Spanish war, more than its wonderful conquests, was its bloodless victories.

The story of government is a pathetic recital of the neglected opportunities of statesmen. The crisis passes which wisely turned would have added to the glory and greatness of the country. The United States has been singularly rich in men for emergencies. Though lacking the heredity, experience and training of the Old World, they have been illustrious examples of wonderful achievement. Washington had no predecessor and left no successor. Hamilton provided the principles for a strong government with no precedents to guide him, and from them grew the Constitution and Union which John Marshall perfected by his matchless decisions, Webster made popular by his majestic eloquence, and Lincoln saved by rare native gifts and unequalled genius for guiding a nation through the perils of civil war and the destructive forces of evolution.

The triumphant issue of the war with Spain lifted our country in a hundred days from the isolation of the Western Hemisphere and the confines of a continent to the responsibilities of Colonial Empire and a foremost position in the family of nations among the great powers of Europe. The President had never been abroad, never given any attention to foreign affairs or the government of alien peoples, and for forty years had concentrated his mind upon purely domestic questions. Action must be taken, immediately, or we had to acknowledge that our institutions were wanting in elasticity for the situation and in the essential elements of sovereignty which constitue government, and we as a people were unequal to the peaceful administration of the results of the victories of our Army and Navy. With the calmness of conscious powers, without effort which might excite the public and create financial distrust and industrial paralysis, the President so wisely formulated measures for the pacification of Cuba and preparations for its independence, and for the government of the Philippines, Hawaii and Guam that the wost delicate and difficult task of creating constitutions and institutions under untried conditions seemed to an astonished and satisfied country to be the ordinary processes of peaceful administration.

William McKinley entered upon the Presidency at a period of greater distress in every branch of industry and employment than had ever before been experienced. He died when prosperity had assumed proportions in productions, in domestic trade and foreign commerce, in the accumulation of National and individual wealth and in the happy condition of wage-earners, beyond the dreams of the most enthusiastic optimist in the development of our country. He assumed the administration of the government when it was not reckoned diplomatically or industrially by the Cabinets of the Old World and left it to his successor when for

the same Cabinets the leading discussion is how to avert what they are pleased to call "the American peril." Happily for him before the dread summons came, the realization of his life work, his aspirations and his hopes were complete. The assassin struck him down at the moment when the splendors of the fruition of his labors were crystallized by his death into a halo of immortality.

ADDRESS OF

Hon. TIMOTHY L. WOODRUFF.

The President: Ladies and Gentlemen: The two great political centres of the country, Washington and Albany, are represented here this evening. We have already listened to a distinguished member of the Federal Senate; we will now be addressed by the President of the Senate of the State of New York, Lieut. Governor Woodruff (Great Applause). He is a Republican of the aggressive and untiring sort and he speaks as well as he presides. Lieut. Governor Woodruff (Cheers and Applause).

TOAST—REPUBLICAN PARTY.

Mr. Chairman—Ladies who have shown your patriotism for our party and our country by gracing this occasion by your presence, fellow Republicans and fellow-members of the Republican Club:

To me has been assigned to-night the toast, "The Republican Party." If there has been drafted into the post-prandial exercises of this Lincoln birthday dinner of the Republican Club of the city of New York, the greatest forensic power in all the land, it would have been inadequate to respond to a sentiment which for half a century has held the attention of the American people; to the support of whose candidates and principles for forty years have rallied a vast majority of the citizens of the Republic, a name dear to the heart of every member of this Republican Club.

It has occurred to me that I may have been invited to attend this banquet and respond to the toast "The Republican Party," because as President of the Senate I am only permitted to talk a little, while had a senator or a member of Assembly been invited he would probably have talked on forever. You know New York State was once thus described by an enthusiastic resident of the commonwealth: "Here we have the finest air to breathe in all the universe, and if our birds and trees could speak and our legislators be silent we would have the finest conversation

also." But really is not the legislator to be commended for his conservative conversational attention to legislation? How else can he defeat the mortgage tax bill, the charities bill, the divorce bill or the excise bill? He can only oppose them by talking against them. He cannot apply Jeromism to the chief executive and put a stop to further talk about a bill which emanates from the executive chamber by throwing the Governor out of the third story window of the capitol.

These public banquets have become so frequent of late as to lead me to suggest to Senator Depew that he change his statement that a man's life is divided into two parts, the first to getting his name in the newspapers and the last to keeping it out (oh, no, it wasn't Senator Depew who said that); but I want that definition changed to this: A man's life is divided into two parts, the first part devoted to an effort to get an invitation to one of these dinners and the last part to dodging them. Why, do you know, I have had so many of these dinners since election that I feel like the Long Island girl (from away down the island, not from Brooklyn) who ate so many clams that her bosom rose and fell with the tide.

I have had another kind of indigestion lately which has quite unfitted me for proper preparation for this splendid occasion. It is said that a watched pot does not boil. Nevertheless, the pot of gossip and slander in the borough of Brooklyn has boiled and boiled until it has boiled over, while we were watching it most carefully to see that it did not boil at all—this to the everlasting shame of certain would-be Republicans whose energies should be bent to safeguarding and not destroying the character of "The Republican Party." Oh, that we had in our party to-day more of the wisdom that actuated the acts of Abraham Lincoln, who did not tell everything to everybody and yet offended no one, as was the case when being asked by a statesman who thought he had a right to know what was the destination of a certain fleet that had sailed under sealed orders, replied, "The ships have gone to sea."

I fear I have subordinated the patriotic spirit which should animate this occasion to this reference to the conditions which surround us at present, but as it was impossible for the men of the literary and martial ages to cope with the practical affairs of life, so do we find it difficult in this commercial and political era to bring ourselves in harmony with the memories of an age that is past. It is difficult for me, even despite the fact that as a child it was my proud privilege to be much in the presence of him whose birthday we are here to-night to celebrate.

It is of the greatest benefit to the American people to observe these anniversaries, full of the inspiration that flows from the lives

of the heroes and statesmen of the Republic, glowing with tributes to their memories, such as we have heard so eloquently expressed to-night in response to the toasts, Abraham Lincoln and William McKinley.

How marked the similarity in character and career of these two men, the first and last Presidents of the United States, nominated and elected by "The Republican Party." In physical proportions two men could hardly differ more, but in private character, in mental equipment for public life the similarity between them is remarkable. Of humble birth, they both prepared for and pursued the learned profession of the law—each bore arms for his country: each served as a representative in Congress. Although thirty-six years intervened between the beginnings of their administrations, they both entered office four years after a financial panic, in the midst of a period of commercial depression, and at once each secured for the alleviation of these unfortunate conditions protection to American industries and American labor. At the beginning of the administration of each the country was suddenly plunged into war, the issue of which in both cases was carried to a successful conclusion by the master hand of the Chief Executive himself. Close in the confidence of the people, each reflected the best thought of the nation. Lincoln moulded the sentiment of the people on the great question of the abolition of slavery, so vital to the domestic life of the nation; McKinley moulded the sentiment of the people on the subject of protection, equally vital to the industrial life of the nation. Liberty and protection, the cardinal doctrines of the Republican Party! The crowning glory of Lincoln's administration was the emancipation of the black slaves of the South and the liberation of their white masters from a wholly unrepublican condition of life. The crowning glory of McKinley's administration was the liberation of the people of the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico from a tyranny which threatened the neighboring spirit of Republicanism.

Lincoln guided the ship of state safely amid the dangerous rocks of foreign complications, by the rarest diplomacy, narrowly averting war with England; McKinley, amid equal difficulties, steered clear of the mines laid for our destruction by the Powers of continental Europe, who sympathized with Spain as England has sympathized with the South. In the same room in which one of these Republican Presidents received telegrams announcing the victories of Vicksburg, Gettysburg and Appomatox, the other received cablegrams announcing the victories of Manila and Santiago, and each personally directed the maneuvers of the victorious army and navy of the United States. In concluding

the terms of peace, both showed "charity toward all and malice toward none." Lincoln's war was in the interest of human liberty, a terrible and protracted struggle between progressive and liberty loving Republicanism on one side, and slave-fettered Democracy on the other; McKinley's war was also fought in the interest of human liberty, but it was a short decisive contest between a kingdom whose methods of oppression had retarded her progress, and a nation which had enjoyed all the progressive blessings of universal liberty for forty years by aid of the principles and statesmen of the Republican Party. As Lincoln liberated three millions of slaves and said to them, "Stand up, you are now citizens of the United States," so McKinley liberated ten millions of the oppressed inhabitants of the Islands of the Seas and bestowed upon them the benefits of the free institutions of this republic. Both of these Republican Presidents by their martyrdom have been forever enshrined in the hearts of all the American people.

What matter it where or when the Republican Party was born? At all events the offspring was legitimate, even if many States claim to be its parents. For so great has been the growth in numbers and power of our political family that as the net result of this controversy we can afford to stand for a large number of fathers even of the same generation. When the party was aborning, the wise men of the nation saw the gathering of the storm which broke over the land and drenched it in the blood of the bravest, but which purified the political atmosphere for the last half of the nineteenth century, unil now, at the beginning of the twentieth century, the party of Fremont, Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Harrison, McKinley and Roosevelt is supreme in every branch of the national government, in every department of this imperial commonwealth and in the mayoralty of the city of our homes, recently rescued from the control of the basest elements which under monarchical or republican institutions ever assumed to control the domestic affairs of men.

Thomas Jefferson, whose name our political opponents have conjured up to aid them in the election of the only Democrat who has occupied the presidential chair since the election of Lincoln, was proud to call himself and his party Republicans until, through the sympathy they extended to the bloody French Revolution, they were stigmatized by their opponents and forced to call themselves Democrats. The Liberty Party of 1840, the Free Democracy of '48, the Whig Party of '52, upon the declaration of principles that we had no more right in this free land to make a slave than to make a king, to maintain slavery than to maintain a monarchy, augmented by the educated youth of the land regard-

less of the faith of their fathers, constituted the Republican Party of '56 under the leadership of John C. Fremont. From that day to this, no purpose of the Republican Party has ever been abandoned. In the half century of its existence it has created a protective tariff, has made the country prosperous, until we have become the foremost manufacturing nation in the world; enlisted and mustered out a vast army and built a mighty navy; put down the greatest rebellion the world ever witnessed; burst the shackles from four million human beings, devised a successful national banking system and a currency as good as gold; nearly paid off a debt of three billions of dollars; raised the credit of the nation above all others; restored specie payments; inaugurated the homestead system, built the Pacific railroads, made provision for the veteran soldiers and sailors of all our wars, and in almost less time than it takes to tell it, triumphed over the once mighty nation to which was accorded the credit of the discovery of the Western Hemisphere. When the Republican Party came into power the population of the United States was thirty millions—to-day it is eighty-five millions.

Westward the star of empire takes its way. From Asia to Europe to England to the New England on this side the sea, where it has reached its zenith. It is now our star, and the stars of the Republican faith and of the Republican hope for the future that cluster around it, constitute the constellation of the republic.

The Republican Party, born of the spirit of liberty, nurtured on the milk of human kindness, developed by the effort to prevent the spread of human slavery on the pure soil of the western prairie, its arms bearing aloft as its standard the stars and stripes, while its lusty limbs were ever keeping step to the music of the Union, wielding in full maturity its mighty power for the protection of American industries, at all times a bulwark against attempts to debase the nation's currency or impair its credit; under the wonderfully successful administration of William McKinley has made the United States a world power among the nations of the earth, feared and respected by every inhabitant of the globe.

Its mission is to protect those whom it freed from bondage, to make good its guarantee of equal rights, to put in force a representation in Congress and in the electoral college proportionate to the number in each congressional district who are permitted to exercise the right of suffrage, to increase domestic and foreign trade to the fullest extent by developing the great natural resources of the continent, to bind together the oceans and make them American seas, dotted everywhere with ships proudly floating the Stars and Stripes.

The requiem of Lincoln on this the anniversary of his birth, of Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Harrison and McKinley, all heroes of the war for the preservation of the Union, is chanted by the voices of nature, hummed by the brook that moistened the parched lips of the dying soldier, whispered by the leaves of the Wilderness. The artillery of time has decimated the ranks of the Grand Army Lincoln loved, the boys in blue now wear the gray of life's winter, but yet through the long years of a treasured past comes to-night clear and distinct the music of the dear refrain, "We are coming Father Abraham," coming, yes, coming with the same holy love of country burning in our loyal Republican hearts that made possible a nation united, glorious, immortal in the annals of time. The advance guard, a noble phalanx of Republican Presidents and privates in the ranks of the Republican party, are now with Lincoln, sleeping forever under the flag they fought and died for and under the color they loved—the blue of theUnion sky.

ADDRESS OF

Hon. CRESSWELL MacLAUGHLIN.

The President: Ladies and Gentlemen: It is with a great deal of regret that I am obliged to tell you that Senator Dillingham, owing to unavoidable circumstances, could not be with us to-night to address you. Our next speaker belongs to that goodly company of spellbinders to whom the republican party is so much indebted. For years he has been an effective advocate on the stump of republican principles and republican candidates, besides he wields a brilliant pen and is favorably known to a wide circle as the editor of the Schoolmaster. A man who is equal to the task of bossing a schoolmaster is obviously a man well worth listening to I take pleasure in introducing to you the Hon. Cresswell MacLaughlin.

TOAST—THE CONQUERORS.

Mr. Toast Master—Don't let me detain any of you. Whenever I get up to speak, Depew leaves the room. He hates to look on his successor (Laughter). I never saw an audience melt faster under eloquence before in my life. The few gentlemen who remain make it possible for me to relate this tale: There was an Irishman in solitary confinement visited by a committee of sympathy, and they asked him how he liked it. He said it was lonely, that thirty of them had been sentenced for life and only one survived (Laughter). You may have some idea of what you might have had if my original dream had been realized that I was to be the first speaker (Laughter and Applause). This is not my occasion. The great effort of my life will not now be forced upon you (Laughter). I realize the passage of time which ought to be the very summit of after dinner genius seldom reached, it seems, by men even presumed to be greater than me. But that we may become better acquainted, it is necessary to explain that I come from the village of Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, famous for four great men, two dead and two living. The dead

are N. P. Willis and E. P. Roe; the living are the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott and myself (Laughter and Applause). To have the very great pleasure of being here is enough for me. This is the occasion upon which Senator Depew shook hands with me first (Laughter), and now let us stop! What, do you want more? (Cries of, Go on! Go on!) But this is an unusual pleasure to be listened to leniently in New York. Now, my analysis of an after dinner speaker is an opportunity and a full dress suit. I only have one of those (Laughter). I will depend on this little company to perpetuate my memory. I was to have spoken to the subject of The Conquerors. Some of them are left in the gallery (Laughter and Applause). What that might have been I will leave to your imagination, because you may go from here with the impression that it might have been a very great speech, and I would rather have you take that hallucinaion with you than give you any part of it (Laughter). I would like to remain here for a week as the guest of the Republican Club, because I could not afford to remain here in this hotel under any other circumstances (Laughter). This reminds me of the second time I dined with Lieutenant Governor Woodruff in one night. That occurred last night in the City of Hudson. The dinner was a very formal affair; what followed it was informal (Laughter). What is left of it you have had part of it. I would like to say something beautiful and serious so that you might have a fair impression of the committee on invitations. I would like to have you know that I am a republican and perhaps too good a man to be killed in this unceremonious stampede. During my brief and hazardous career this is the first chance that I have had to speak in a hotel of such proportions and in the companionship of such eminent orators—one of whom would have been immortal had he passed away in the middle of his speech (Great Laughter).

I believe the conquerors of this civilization and the conquerors of all time are those triumphant principles which do not depend upon war. The strongest single, individual, divine human force on earth is conquering the human race through love. The time has passed when anything like brute force shall be admired. The magnificent spectacle of Napoleon would not appeal to this civilization, although it does appeal to Tammany Hall. Napoleon stood before the Sphinx interrogating its silence in vain. The questions he asked will never be answered. Even though the unfettered intellect of modern times surpasses in achievement all dreams of the ancients. The spirit of liberty, the assurance of independence, the democracy of education—these things have made the American people the hope of the world. Civil and religious

liberty, the chance of childhood, the reward of merit regardless of wealth or social position, the awakening of the mind from its slumber of centuries, the dazzling splendor of invention, the stupendous accomplishments of Science, Art, Commerce—all these, coupled with a capacity for self-government demonstrated beyond doubt by every test of national endurance, makes the American people the balancing power of the world (Applause). And yet we are only standing upon the threshold of mystery, like little children still upon the portal of the ocean, charmed by the pebbles that are polished by the friction of the sea. The spectacles that would have paralyzed the sight of our ancestors have long ceased to fascinate us. The mind refuses to be astounded, neither shock or nature, nor discovery of genius disturbs the equilibrium of the American. Courage is the force of it all. Courage and the atmosphere of freedom. Courage in education and charity. Courage in invention, in execution, in construction; the knowledge and the nerve of the leaders in all conflicts that confront the advance of the race. Courage in the conception and building of mighty industries; courage in conquering problems of communication; courage in the portentous tasks of civil, mining and mechanical engineering; courage in the spirit of a stoic will to master the material world. Who can unfold the future? Who can solve the riddle of another hundred years? As well ask the plans of Omnipotence. We work with the forces of energies unknown. We attack the principles of life and wrestle with the enigmas of God. We put our voice in a cylinder for the audience of coming ages. We whisper and the vibration of our thought resounds throughout the world. We check the charger of the racing wind and make a horse of air. We press a pin and the solemn nights bursts into stars. But man is the same. Nature is the same. The chariot of the sun drives down the centuries and Time is the same. Circumscribed by laws of gravitation and the grave man is forever baffled by the Infinite. Man studies the heavens and registers the behavior of planets, he cherishes a star but he can never touch it, he sounds the deep but he can never stand upon its bottom, he tunnels the earth but he will never reach its centre, he sees the structure of the body but he knows not the life that gives it god-like motion, he is aware of the complex wonder of the brain, but he will never know its mystery. A deluge may come and the treasures of time may be buried in oblivion, but man will be the same and Nature will be the same. Man will start out anew to study what he yearns to know. But he will never know. Arts may be lost but he will find them, civilization may vanish but he will restore it, yet all his work is human and he cannot rise beyond himself. The man dies, the individual disappears, the race

goes on, the record is written in the rock and the obituary of genius is the history of the world.

Ah, yes! and love is the same and hope is the same and God is the same.

In the grandeur of the age we realize how small we are. With all our vanity of learning what do we know? The little child is our philosopher. You cannot answer his questions, who will answer yours? Therefore the Twentieth Century must surpass all others in love, for that does not pass away. The way to make the world happy is to study the happiness of those who are in your home, in your workshop, in the circle of your life. The firmament is not made of a single sun, but by millions of systems of stars.

Hope is on the countenance of the republic as with patience and determination they see the solid centuries of struggle passing in review; each century stamping its image in the stones of history; each century moving upon a higher plane of possibility; each assuming more portentous proportions—until the nineteenth and the last, glowing with enlightenment arises above the rest to an altitude of human grandeur amazing and sublime. And on the summit of this century, erect, with her face toward the sun, pregnant with peace for the world, fearless, faithful and calm, stands the Goddess of Liberty holding in one hand the sword and in the other education (Applause). On her brow rests a wreath of roses and on her neck sparkles the jewels of wealth. Her garments fall in folds of grace upon a figure the companion of which Great Phideas never saw in his visions of Minerva, nor all the imagery of Greece could fashion such a queen. And her name is Peace and her name is Charity and her name is Virtue. She is the mother of Time and her children are order and law, education, liberty, patience and patriotism. At her feet are pleading empires and at her breasts nurse the nations of the world. (Applause.)

And now, let us have a little play, and you shall be Hamlet and I shall be Polonius, and I, Polonius, shall say to you, "My Lord, I must take my leave of you," and you, Hamlet, shall say to me, Polonius, "There is nothing, sir, that you can take from me with which I will more willing part withal." (Laughter and Applause).

GUESTS
OF
LINCOLN DINNER COMMITTEE.

HON. S. V. WHITE.
DR. WILLIAM TOD HELMUTH.
HON. CHESTER B. McLAUGHLIN.
GEN. DANIEL E. SICKLES.
HON. JAMES GRANT WILSON.
HON. JOHN R. BROOKE.
REV. RUFUS P. JOHNSTON.
HON. CRESSWELL MAC LAUGHLIN.
HON. JAMES WILLIS GLEED.
HON. LOUIS STERN.
HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.
HON. TIMOTHY L. WOODRUFF.
HON. CORNELIUS N. BLISS.
HON. FREDERICK S. GIBBS.
HON. ROBERT C. MORRIS.
HON. WILLIAM A. NASH.
HON. WILLIAM F. KING.
HON. CHARLES A. MOORE.
HON. JOHN N. PARTRIDGE.

ONE hundred ladies were entertained at dinner in the foyer adjoining the Banquet Hall and afterward honored the diners with their presence in the gallery boxes and listened to the speeches.

The Souvenir of the occasion was an oxidized silver match box, and the ladies were presented with a variety of articles in silver.

LADIES.

GUESTS OF THE MEMBERS OF THE REPUBLICAN CLUB.

Batcheller, Mrs. G. C.	Table No.	8
Birrell, Mrs. Henry	"	2
Bonheur, Mrs. L. L.	"	9
Boon, Mrs. W. A.	"	3
Burnham, Mrs. F. A.	"	10
" " " (Guest of)	"	10
Caldwell, Mrs. Alexander	"	2
Campbell, J. D. (Guest of)	"	8
Cantor, Mrs. Jacob A.	"	10
Clark, Mrs. W. E.	"	9
Cohu, Miss	"	2
Coult, Miss Lida	"	9
Coult, Miss Margaret	"	9
Crumbie, Mrs. F. R.	"	6
Day, Miss Elizabeth	"	7
Doremus, Mrs. J. M.	"	5
Deuel, Mrs. Joseph M.	"	1
Duel, Mrs. Chas. H.	"	1
Fairchild, Mrs. B. L.	"	6
Fairchild, Mrs. G. W.	"	5
Fallows, Mrs. E. H.	"	5
Forsheim, Mrs. A.	"	9
Frank, Mrs. J. J.	"	10
Fried, Mrs. S.	"	10
Fuller, Miss	"	7
Gilman, Mrs. T. P.	"	4
Gleason, Mrs. A. H.	"	4
Gleason, Mrs. Henry	"	4
Green, Mrs. Geo. E.	"	5
Hayes, Miss F. C.	"	9
Hawes, Mrs. B. F.	"	6
Hitchcock, Mrs. J. F.	"	2
Hollander, Mrs. J. L.	"	4

JAECKEL, MRS. J. P.	Table No.	5
JOHNSTON, MRS. RUFUS P.	"	1
JONES, MRS. R. W.	"	5
KILBURN, MRS. F. D.	"	3
KNOX, MRS. E. M.	"	3
KOCH, MRS. F.	"	6
KUGELMAN, MRS. J. G.	"	3
LEAYCRAFT, J. E. (Guest)	"	8
" " "	"	8
LOUNSBURY, MRS. P. C.	"	7
MCLEAN, MRS. DONALD	"	8
" " " (Guest of)	"	8
MCLOUGHLIN, MRS. C. B.	"	1
MERRITT, MRS. W. JENKS	"	2
MILLER, MRS. E. M. F.	"	7
MILLER, MRS. M. C.	"	7
MILLER, MRS. N. L.	"	5
MONTAGUE, MRS. W. P.	"	6
MOORE, MISS HATTIE	"	6
MORRIS, MRS. ROBERT C.	"	1
" " " " (Guest)	"	1
NEWELL, MRS. E. A.	"	2
PATRICK, MRS. C. H.	"	9
PORTER, MRS. E. H.	"	1
ROACH, S. W. (Guest of)	"	4
" " " "	"	4
" " " "	"	4
" " " "	"	4
ROBBINS, MRS. L. L.	"	6
SARLES, MISS	"	2
SCOTT, MRS. W. W.	"	3
SKINNER, MRS. C. R.	"	3
STECKLER, MRS. ALFRED	"	10
STERN, MRS. LOUIS	"	3
STERN, MRS. L. H.	"	3
STERN, MRS. LEOPOLD	"	10
VROOMAN, MRS. J. W.	"	7
WEED, MISS M. E.	"	6
WRIGHT, MRS. C. F.	"	5

MEMBERS OF THE REPUBLICAN CLUB
AND THEIR GUESTS
attending the
LINCOLN DINNER.

AARON, H. ..... Table No. 27
ABBOTT, WILLARD. ..... " 37
ADAMS, L. E. ..... " 39
ADDOMS, MORTIMER. ..... " 11
ALLDS, JOTHAM P. ..... " 32
ALLEN, JAS. A. ..... " 7
AMES, LEONARD. ..... " 11
APGAR, A. S. ..... " 20
ATKINS, T. ASTLEY. ..... " 22
ATKINS, ADDISON B. ..... " 9
ATWATER, HENRY G. ..... " 24
AUSTIN, GEORGE C. ..... " 26
AVERY, S. P. ..... " 9
BABBITT, EDWIN B. ..... " 15
BACH, S. J. ..... " 35
BACKUS, HENRY C. ..... " 26
BAKER, JOHN L. ..... " 5
BARBER, CHAS. E. ..... " 3
BARLOW, J. W. ..... " 31
BATCHELLER, GEO. C. ..... " 8
BEER, WM. C. ..... " 15
BELFORD, JOS. M. ..... " 33
BELL, HAL. ..... " 8
BENN, E. H. ..... " 19
BERGSTRESSER, CHAS. M. ..... " 8
BIGGS, CHAS. ..... " 5
BIGLOW, L. H. ..... " 20
BILL, EDWARD W. ..... " 5
BILLINGS, FREDERICK. ..... " 29
BIJUR, NATHAN ..... " 31
BIRRELL, HENRY ..... " 1

Blanchard, Jas. A.	Table No.	17
Bloomingdale, E. W.	"	37
Bloomingdale, J. B.	"	37
Bloomingdale, L. G.	"	19
Bloch, Philip	"	26
Bogert, John	"	10
Bolton, Reginald P.	"	39
Bonheur, Lucien L.	"	14
Boyle, P. H.	"	40
Bowne, S. W.	"	11
Bowne, S. W., Guest	"	11
Brainard, David L.	"	7
Brainerd, Ira H.	"	24
Brennan, Isaac Bell	"	5
Brigham, Homer C.	"	21
Brockway, Horace H.	"	35
Brookfield, Frank	"	41
Brower, Ward	"	36
Brown, W. C.	"	41
Bruce, M. L.	"	26
Brush, E. F.	"	22
Bryant, M. B.	"	18
Burnham, Jr., Geo.	"	36
Burnham, F. A.	"	36
Burr, Wm. P.	"	36
Burnett, Edward F.	"	21
Butler, H. W.	"	1
Butler, Clarence W.	"	2
Cane, A.	"	40
Caldwell, Alex.	"	5
Campbell, J. D.	"	35
Candee, Edwd. D.	"	40
Canfield, Jas. H.	"	15
Cannon, Henry W.	"	3
Cantor, Jacob A.	"	19
Carleton, Bukk G.	"	2
Carpenter, F. M.	"	34
Carpenter, T. Ellwood	"	25
Carr, William	"	12
Clark, W. E.	"	8
Clute, John A.	"	45
" " Guest	"	45
Coen, Joseph A.	"	25
Cogswell, W. B.	"	45
Colby, Bainbridge	"	14
Colby, Bainbridge, Guest	"	14

Conger, Edward M.	Table No.	8
Conger, Henry C.	"	8
Costello, P. C.	"	7
Cowen, Phillip	"	41
Coult, Joseph	"	31
Crane, Edwd. N.	"	29
Crumbie, Frank R.	"	29
Davison, G. W.	"	34
Deeves, Richard	"	27
Deeves, Richard, Guest	"	27
Deeves, Richard, Guest	"	27
Deeves, Richard, Guest	"	27
De Milt, Henry R.	"	11
Deuel, Joseph M.	"	4
Doblin, Philip	"	30
Doremus, Jas. M.	"	16
Dorland, John C.	"	45
Downing, Augustus S.	"	32
Drisler, Frank	"	9
Duell, C. H.	"	4
Dumont, Wayne	"	24
Du Val, Guy	"	20
Du Val, H. C.	"	20
Dykes, Jos.	"	33
Edgerton, Wright P.	"	15
Ehlers, E. M. L.	"	33
Einstein, Wm.	"	12
Elebash, C. S.	"	28
Elwell, F. G.	"	46
Emery, J. H.	"	1
Emley, Jay Noble	"	16
Epstein, Alfred	"	30
Fairchild, Benj. L.	"	29
Fairchild, Geo. W.	"	16
Fallows, E. H.	"	16
Fatman, Morris	"	12
Felsinger, Wm.	"	24
Findley, W. L.	"	6
Finney, Chas. E.	"	21
Fisk, Stephen	"	4
Fitzgerald, Frank T.	"	18
Fletcher, Austin B.	"	41
Ford, John	"	18
Forsheim, A.	"	14
Frank, Julius J.	"	19
French, John	"	29

FRIED, S. ..... Table No. 16
FROST, LEROY ..... " 29
GAYLORD, HAL ..... " 46
GILBERT, A. S. ..... " 28
GILMAN, E. R. ..... " 16
GILMAN, THEO. P. ..... " 7
GLEASON, A. H. ..... " 23
GLEASON, HENRY ..... " 8
GLEED, CHARLES S. ..... " 15
GOLLAND, MORRIS ..... " 28
GOODHART, P. J. ..... " 12
GOULDEN, JOSEPH A. ..... " 32
GOW, WILLIAM ..... " 45
GRAY, GEO. R. ..... " 31
GRACE, JOHN R. ..... " 38
GRACE, JOHN R., GUEST ..... " 38
GRANDIN, EGBERT ..... " 22
GREEN, GEO. E. ..... " 16
GREEN, GEO. E., GUEST ..... " 16
GREEN, GEO. E., GUEST ..... " 16
GREENE, FRANCIS V. ..... " 7
GREENE, JOHN A. ..... " 32
GRIEFENBAGEN, MAX S. ..... " 28
GRISWOLD, HENRY ..... " 12
GROVES, C. E. ..... " 2
GRUBER, ABRAHAM ..... " 6
GUNTON, GEORGE ..... " 23
HAWES, BENJ. F. ..... " 39
HADDOW, JOHN ..... " 38
HARLOW, FRANK S. ..... " 33
HALSTEAD, JACOB ..... " 33
HALDENSTEIN, ISIDOR ..... " 35
HAYS, JAS. L. ..... " 31
HANNAHS, F. W. ..... " 39
HAVILAND, MERRITT E. ..... " 40
" " GUEST ..... " 40
HENDRICKS, D. RIDGEWAY ..... " 45
HINMAN, RUSSELL ..... " 32
HIRSCH, MORRIS J. ..... " 17
HITCHCOCK, J. F. ..... " 18
HOLLANDER, JOSEPH L. ..... " 7
HOLT, R. O. ..... " 39
HOMER, CHAS. F. ..... " 1
HOWE, GEORGE R. ..... " 3
HOWELL, JAS. E. ..... " 31
HOWLAND, DANIEL ..... " 21

HUBER, JACQUES ..... Table No. 1
HUNTER, ROB'T H..... " 6
HYMAN, MAURICE S..... " 30
JACQUES, WASHINGTON L..... " 35
JAECKEL, JNO. P..... " 16
JENKINS, J. ALVAH ..... " 22
JENKINS, JAMES H..... " 22
JENKINSON, R. C..... " 31
JONES, E. CLARENCE ..... " 3
JONES, EDWIN A..... " 28
JONES, EDWIN A., GUEST ..... " 28
JONES, R. W..... " 16
KATHAN, REID A..... " 1
KENYON, ROB'T N..... " 7
KENYON, WM. HOUSTON ..... " 7
KETCHAM, A. P..... " 26
KIAM, E..... " 30
KING, WM. H..... " 2
KILBURN, CHAS. F..... " 31
KILBURN, FREDK. D..... " 32
KISSELBURGH, WM. E..... " 40
KOCH, FRANK ..... " 38
KNOBLAUCH, CHAS. E..... " 21
KNOX, E. A..... " 12a
KRIDEL, A. M..... " 37
KUDLICH, H. C..... " 1
KUGELMAN, J. G..... " 12a
KULP, J. S..... " 7
LAIMBEER, RICH. H., JR..... " 6
LAMBERT, CATHOLINA ..... " 1
LAUER, EDGAR J..... " 14
LEARY, WM. ..... " 6
LEAYCRAFT, J. EDGAR ..... " 7
LEEDS, CHARLES ..... " 46
LEHMAIER, JAS. S..... " 18
LESSLER, MONTAGUE ..... " 30
LEVENTRITT, HON. DAVID ..... " 17
LEVY, LEO ..... " 14
LEWI, ISIDOR ..... " 12
LINK, DAVID C..... " 8
LIPPENCOTT, HAROLD S..... " 18
LITTLE, JOHN ..... " 23
LOCKE, CHARLES E..... " 43
LOCKE, CAMPBELL E..... " 43
LORING, SR., F. L..... " 10
LORING, SR., F. L., GUEST ..... " 10

Loring, Sr., F. L., Guest	Table No.	10
Loring, Jr., F. L.	"	10
Loring, J. H.	"	10
Lottz, Edwin	"	34
Lottz, Edwin, Guest	"	34
Lounsbury, P. C.	"	20
Lounsbury, P. C., Guest	"	20
Lowey, Benno	"	17
Maas, Chas. O.	"	18
Malby, George R.	"	16
March, James E.	"	36
Marsh, Jos. A.	"	33
Marks, E. B.	"	14
Marshall, J. P.	"	40
Mason, Alexander T.	"	14
Mason, Walter	"	9
Mayer, Julius M.	"	28
McCall, Edward E.	"	15
McCook, Anson G.	"	14
McCook, John J.	"	15
McLean, Donald	"	44
" " Guest	"	44
McNully, Thos.	"	36
McKinstry, F. P.	"	2
McWhirter, Hugh L.	"	26
Melville, Henry	"	35
Merriam, Arthur L.	"	11
Merritt, W. Jenks	"	3
Meyer, August R.	"	21
Michael, Wm. H.	"	15
Milbank, Joseph	"	11
Miller, E. M. F.	"	20
Miller, Nathan L.	"	16
Miller, Samuel C.	"	25
Miller, Sherman R.	"	2
Milligan, Fred. J.	"	23
Mills, Albert	"	15
Mills, Isaac N.	"	34
Mitchell, J. Murray	"	6
Montague, Wm. P.	"	38
Morgan, Rollin M.	"	23
Morris, Fredk. P.	"	33
Morris, Newbold	"	14
Moses, M. H.	"	12a
Murray, Robert A.	"	22
Murphy, Wm. D.	"	9

Myers, Nathl.	Table No.	12
Myles, Robert	"	10
Newburger, Joseph E.	"	17
Newell, E. A.	"	8
Newton, Rollin C.	"	24
Nissen, Ludwig	"	41
Norton, A. B.	"	2
Nussbaum, Myer	"	40
O'Brien, M. J.	"	17
Ochs, A. S.	"	12a
O'Dell, Dan'l	"	3
Ommen, Alfred E.	"	8
Parsons, Hosmer B.	"	15
Partridge, F. H.	"	5
Patrick, Chas. H.	"	8
Payne, D. F.	"	40
Pentz, Archibald M.	"	24
Pierrez, J. C.	"	23
Pinney, Jr., G. M.	"	35
Porter, Eugene H.	"	4
Porter, W. H.	"	3
Post, Henry C.	"	24
Potter, Wm. F.	"	33
Pringle, Jas. W.	"	27
Redding, Leo. L.	"	21
Remick, Wm. H.	"	21
Rensen, Henry	"	30
Rhodes, Bradford	"	25
Rinke, Emil	"	38
Roach, Stephen W.	"	44
" " Guest	"	44
" " Guest	"	44
" " Guest	"	44
Roberts, George W.	"	2
Robbins, Louis L.	"	29
Roberts, Wm. C.	"	6
Robinson, George H.	"	46
Robinson, George H., Guest	"	46
Robinson, George H., Guest	"	46
Rogers, James T.	"	12a
Rose, Wm. J.	"	33
Sackett, Henry W.	"	25
Safford, D. L.	"	23
See, Joseph B.	"	25
Saxe, Martin	"	12
Schiff, Jacob H.	"	19

Schickel, Wm.	Table No.	12a
Schley, Wm. T.	"	4
Schlenger, Leo	"	17
Schnackenburg, Daniel	"	45
Schoonmaker, John D.	"	25
Seligmann, Maurice	"	12
Semple, Lorenzo	"	39
Sheffield, James R.	"	6
Sherman, Roger N.	"	22
Shongood, Charles	"	30
Sidenberg, Henry	"	35
Skinner, Chas. R.	"	32
Slade, Fred. A.	"	6
Sleicher, John A.	"	41
Sloan, Robert S.	"	39
Smith, A. R.	"	29
Smith, Charles B.	"	46
Smith, Geo. J.	"	25
Smith, James N.	"	18
Smith, F. William	"	45
Smyth, H. C.	"	28
Snyder, C. B. J.	"	39
Southard, M. J.	"	34
Steckler, Alfred	"	19
Stern, Abraham	"	17
Stern, J. W.	"	14
Stern, Leopold	"	19
Stern, L. H.	"	30
Stewart, E. C.	"	16
Stover, M. L.	"	37
Stover, M. L., Guest	"	37
Stover, M. L., Guest	"	37
Stover, M. L., Guest	"	37
Stout, Isaac H.	"	32
Sturgis, Thos.	"	6
Tasker, F. E.	"	36
Thompson, C. C.	"	27
Thompson, J. D.	"	41
Thompson, J. F.	"	27
Thompson, Jr., John H.	"	41
Thompson, Jr., R. W.	"	36
Thurber, F. B.	"	44
Tousey, Sinclair	"	44

Townsend, David C.	Table No.	9
Treat, Chas. H.	"	15
Tremain, Chas.	"	11
Tremain, H. E.	"	4
Tucker, Elihu G.	"	22
Uhlmann, Fredk	"	17
Van Cott, Cornelius	"	19
Van Pelt, Wm. J.	"	23
Varnum, Jas. M.	"	18
Vedder, P.	"	10
Vietor, Geo. F.	"	17
Vrooman, John W.	"	20
Wadhams, Albion V.	"	15
Wakeman, W. F.	"	1
Wandling, Jas. L.	"	24
Ware, Eugene F.	"	46
Waring, Arthur B.	"	5
Waring, Wm. C.	"	5
Wetmore, Edmund	"	4
Whitehead, H. H.	"	23
Wilbur, Myron	"	23
Wilcox, A. A.	"	13
Wilcox, Benj. M.	"	26
Wiley, Louis	"	12a
Wiley, Louis, Guest	"	12a
Wiley, Louis, Guest	"	12a
Willcox, Wm. R.	"	4
Woodward, B. D.	"	12a
Woodward, John	"	40
Woolson, I. H.	"	38
Wright, David F.	"	29
Yereance, James	"	14
Young, Chas. H.	"	35
Younker, Herman	"	9
Zeller, L.	"	26
Zucker, Peter	"	12

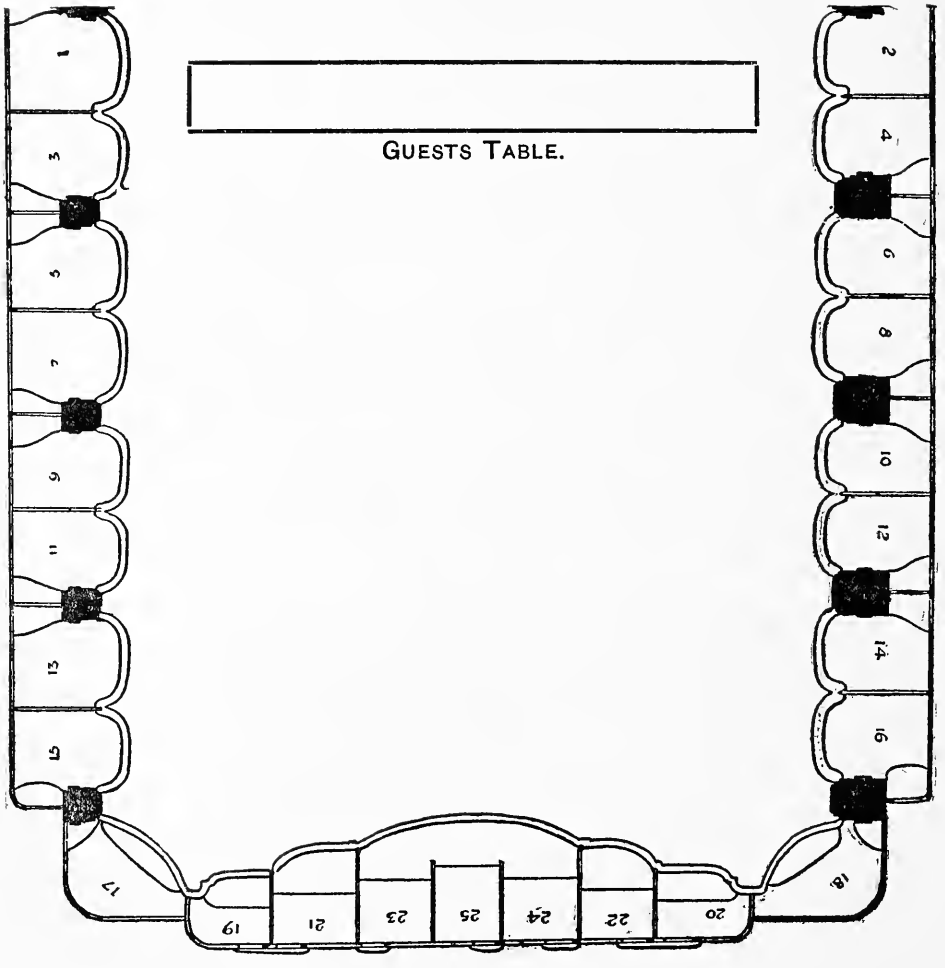
Occupants of Boxes.

Box No.	
1	Gilman, Mrs. T. P. Hollander, Mrs. J. L.
2	Roach, Mrs. S. W.
3	Miller, Mrs. M. C. Fuller, Miss Lounsbury, Mrs. P. C. Vrooman, Mrs. J. W. Day, Miss Elizabeth Miller, Mrs. E. M. F.
4	Woodruff, Timothy L., Mrs.
5	Depew, Chauncey M., Mrs.
6	Treat, Chas. N.
7	Merritt, Mrs. W. Jenks Hitchock, Mrs. J. F. Caldwell, Mrs. Alex.
8	Deuel, Mrs. Joseph M. Johnston, Mrs. Rufus P. McLaughlin, Mrs. C. B. Duell, Mrs. Chas. H. Porter, Mrs. E. H.
9	Birrell, Mrs. Henry Newell, Mrs. E. A. Sarles, Miss Cohu, Miss
10	Stern, Louis, Mrs.
11	Morris, Mrs. R. C.
12	Hayes, Miss F C. Bonheur, Mrs. L. L. Coult, Miss Margaret Coult, Miss Lida Forsheim, Mrs. A. Clark, Mrs. W. E. Patrick, Mrs. C. H.

Box No.	
13	Stern, Mrs. Leopold Fried, Mrs. S. Steckler, Mrs. A. Cantor, Mrs. J. A. Frank, Mrs. Julius J.
14	Loring, F. L.
15	Tremain, Henry E.
16	Demorest, Mrs. W. C.
17	McLean, Mrs. Donald Campbell, J. D.
18	Montague, Mrs. W. P. Hawes, Mrs. B. F. Koch, Mrs. F. Gleason, Mrs. Harry Gleason, Mrs. A. H.
19	Green, Mrs. Geo. E. Miller, Mrs. N. L. Jaeckel, Mrs. J. P. Jones, Mrs. R. W.
20	Crubie, Mrs. F. R. Fairchild, Mrs. B. L. Weed, Miss M. E. Robbins, Mrs. L. L. Moore, Miss Hattie
21	Wright, Mrs. C. F. Fairchild, Mrs. G. W. Fallows, Mrs. E. H. Doremus, Mrs. J. M.
22	Leaycraft, Mrs. J. Edgar Batcheller, Mrs. G. C.
23	Skinner, Mrs. C. R. Scott, Mrs. W. W. Boon, Mrs. W. A. Kilburn, Mrs. F. D.
24	McCook, J. J.
25	Gleed, J. Willis

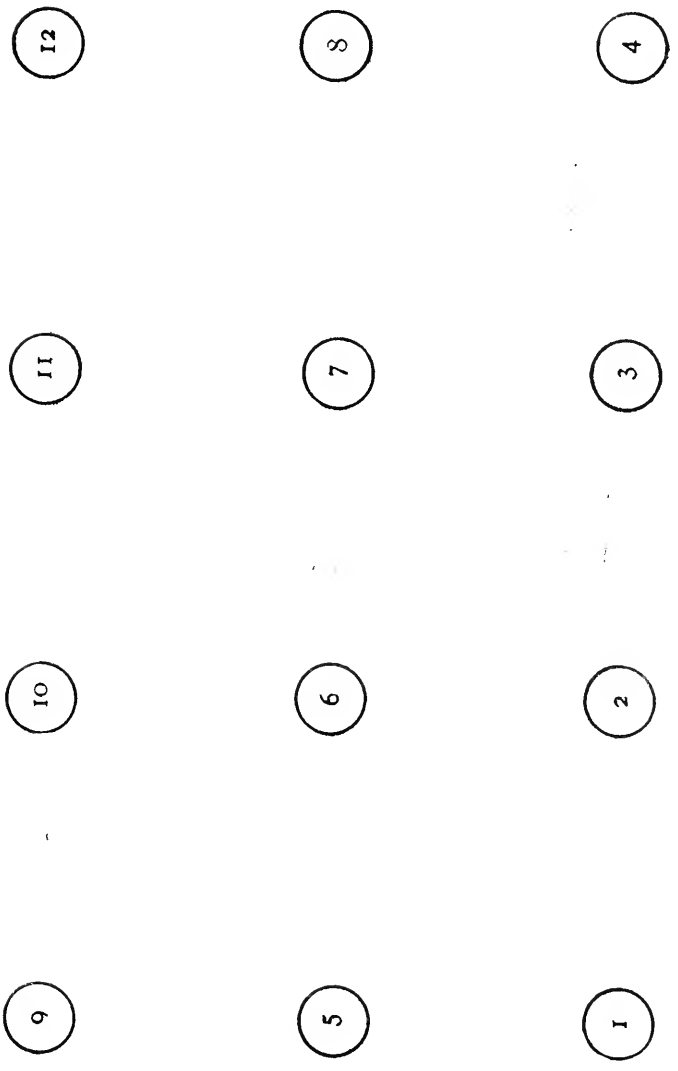
DIAGRAM
OF
BOXES
AND
BANQUET TABLES.

Diagram of Boxes.

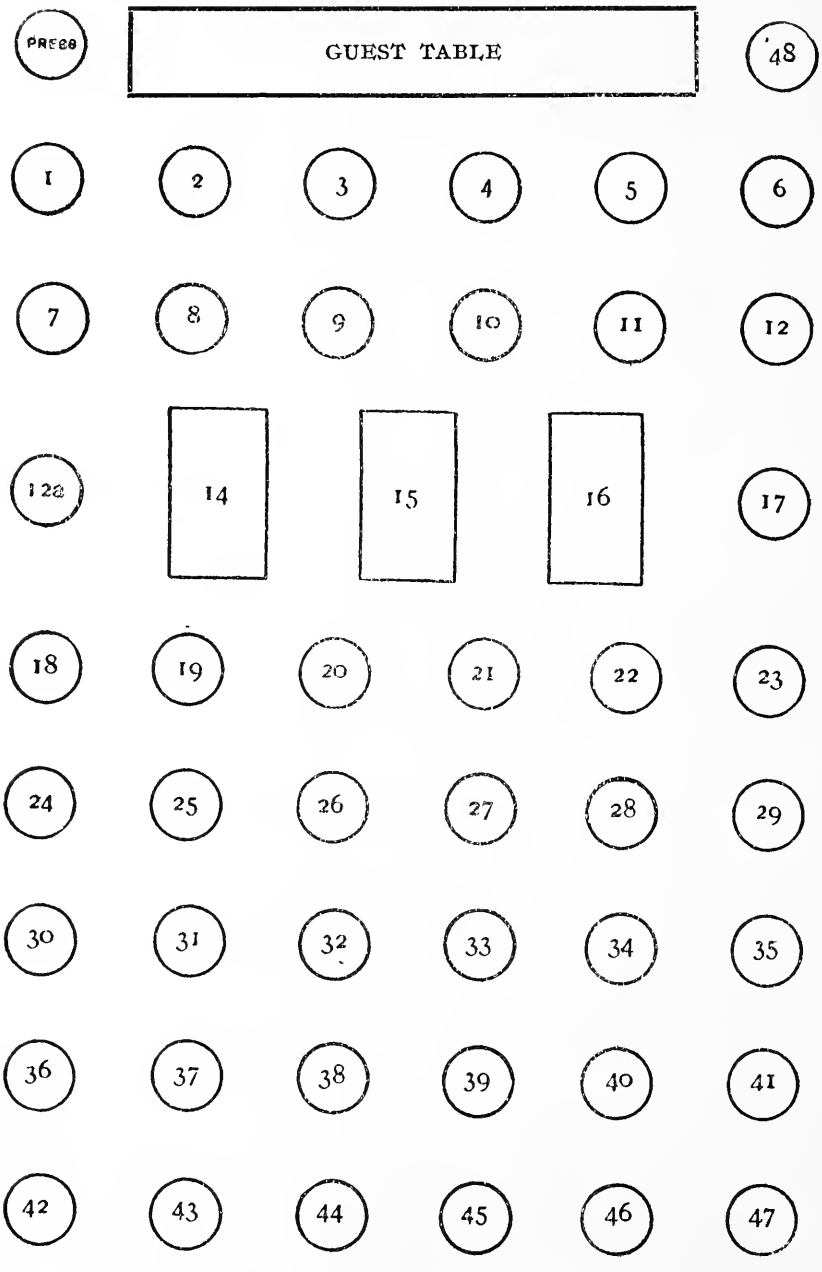


LADIES' TABLES

IN THE FOYER ADJOINING THE BANQUET HALL.



Tables in the Banquet Hall.



MENU

Canapé d'Anchois

Huîtres.

Consommé printanier.
Crême de Céleri.

Radis. Olives. Céleri. Amandes salées.

Eperlans sautés à la Meunière.
Salade de Concombres.

Coquilles de Volaille aux champignons frais.

Filet de boeuf piquè, Sauce Porto.
Pommes de terre sautées en quartiers. Choux-fleurs au gratin.

Artichauts français, Sauce Hollandaise.

Sorbet Crême Yvette.

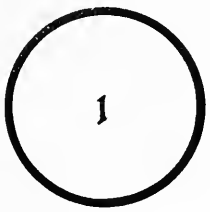
Canard tête rouge rôti.
Salade de Romaine.

Glaces de fantaisie.
Petits fours. Fruits.
Café.

Moët & Chandon White Seal, $4.00.
Moët & Chandon Brut Imperial, $4.50.

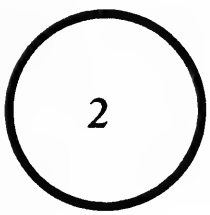
LADIES' TABLES.

TABLES



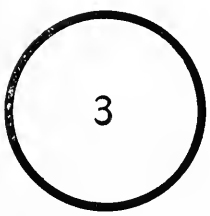
Mrs. Joseph M. Deuel
Mrs. Chas. H. Duell
Mrs. Rufus P. Johnston
Mrs. E. H. Porter

Mrs. C. B. McLoughlin
Mrs. Robert C. Morris
" " " Guest



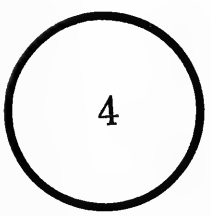
Mrs. W. Jenks Merritt
Mrs. E. A. Newell
Miss Sarles
Miss Cohu

Mrs. J. F. Hitchcock
Mrs. Henry Birrell
Mrs. Alex. Caldwell



Mrs. C. R. Skinner
Mrs. W. W. Scott
Mrs. W. A. Boon
Mrs. F. D. Kilburn

Mrs. Louis Stern
Mrs. L. H. Stern
Mrs. J. G. Kugleman
Mrs. E. Knox



Mrs. A. H. Gleason
Mrs. Henry Gleason
Mrs. T. P. Gilman
Mrs. J. L. Hollander

S. W. Roach, Guest of
" " "
" " "
" "

Mrs. Geo. E. Green
Mrs. N. Miller
Mrs. J. P. Jaeckel
Mrs. R. W. Jones

Mrs. G. W. Fairchild
Mrs. E. H. Fallows
Mrs. J. M. Doremus
Mrs. C. F. Wright

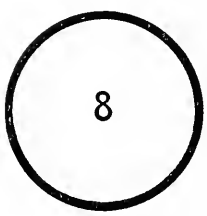
TABLES

Mrs. F. R. Crumbie
Mrs. B. L. Fairchild
Mrs. W. P. Montague
Mrs. B. F. Hawes

Mrs. F. Koch
Miss M. E. Weed
Mrs. L. L. Robbins
Miss Hattie Moore

Mrs. M. C. Miller
Miss Fuller
Mrs. P. C. Lounsbury

Mrs. J. W. Vrooman
Miss Elizabeth Day
Mrs. E. M. F. Miller

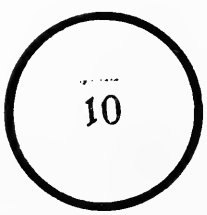


Mrs. Donald McLean
" " " Guest of
Campbell, J. D., Guest of

J. E. Leaycraft, Guest
" " "
Mrs. G. C. Batcheller

Miss F. C. Hayes
Mrs. L. L. Bonheur
Miss Margaret Coult
Miss Lida Coult

Mrs. H. Forsheim
Mrs. W. E. Clark
Mrs. C. H. Patrick



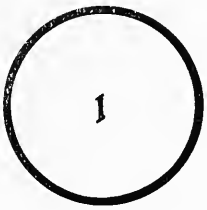
Mrs. F. A. Burnham
" " " Guest of
Mrs. J. J. Frank
Mrs. Leopold Stern

Mrs. S. Fried
Mrs. Alfred Steckler
Mrs. Jacob A. Cantor

MEMBERS' TABLES.

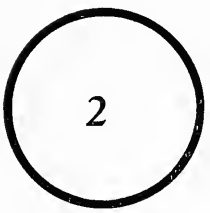
TABLES

Henry Birrell
H. C. Piercy
Jacques Huber
H. W. Butler
Charles F. Homer



H. C. Kudlich
Reid A. Kathan
W. F. Wakeman
Catholina Lambert
J. H, Emery

A. B. Norton
Wm. H. King
Bukk G- Carleton
C. A. Groves

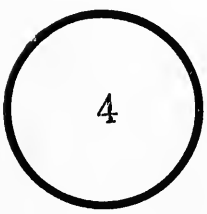


Clarence W. Butler
F. P. McKinstry
George W. Roberts
Sherman R. Miller

W. Jenks Merritt
Dan'l O'Dell
Henry W. Cannon
Wm. C. Roberts

E. Clarence Jones
Charles E. Barber
W. H. Porter
Geo. R. Howe

C. H. Duell
Joseph M. Deuel
Edmund Wetmore
H. E. Tremain



Wm. R. Willcox
William T. Schley
Eugene H. Porter
tephen Fiske

Alex. Caldwell
Arthur Waring
Edwd. W. Bill
John L. Baker

William C. Waring
Chas. Biggs
F. H. Partridge
Isaac Bell Brennan

TABLES

Wm. Leary
Rich. H. Laimbeer, Jr.
Abraham Gruber
Thomas Sturgis
James R. Sheffield

Fred. A. Slade
J. Murray Mitchell
Robert H. Hunter
W. F. Findley
Monte Cutler

Joseph L. Hollander
Theo. P. Gilman
James A. Allen
P. C. Costello
Francis V. Greene

Wm. Houston Kenyon
Robert N. Kenyon
J. Edgar Leaycraft
David L. Brainard
J. S. Kulp

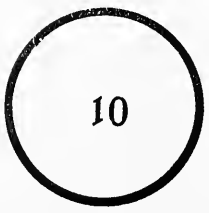
Hal Bell
Charles H. Patrick
Henry C. Conger
Edwd. M. Conger
W. E. Clark

Geo. C. Batcheller
Alfred E. Ommen
E. A. Newell
David C. Link
Henry Gleason

David C. Townsend
Walter Mason
Addison B. Adkins
Herman Younker

S. P. Avery
Frank Drisler
Wm. D. Murphy
Charles M. Bergstresser

F. L. Loring, Sr.
" " " Guest
" " " Guest
F. L. Loring, Jr.



J. H. Loring
Robert Myles
P. Vedder
John Bogert

TABLES

Charles Tremain
Arthur L. Merriam
Mortimer Addoms
Leonard Ames

Joseph Milbank
Henry R. DeMilt
S. W. Bowne
" " Guest

William Einstein
Morris Fatman
Henry Griswold
P. J. Goodhart
William Carr

Isidor Lewi
Maurice Seligman
Martin Saxe
Peter Zucker
Nathaniel Myers

B. D. Woodward
E. A. Knox
William Schickel
A. S. Ochs
J. G. Kugelman
S. H. Stern

A. A. Wilcox
M. H. Moses
Louis Wiley
H. M. Leipziger
Henry Rice
W. H. McElroy

Anson G. McCook
A. Forsheim
James Yereance
Edgar J. Lauer
Newbold Morris
J. W. Stern

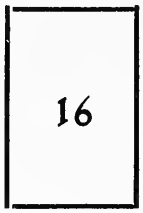
Lucien L. Bonhuer
Bainbridge Colby
" " Guest
Alexander T. Mason
Leo Levy
E. B. Marks

William C. Beer
Hosmer B. Parsons
Wright P. Edgerton
James H. Canfield
Albion V. Wadhams
John J. McCook

Albert Mills
William H. Michael
Charles H. Treat
Edward E. McCall
Edwin B. Babbitt
Charles S. Gleed

TABLES

George E. Green
C. F. Wright
George W. Ray
E. R. Gilman
George W. Fairchild
R. W. Jones
James M. Doremus

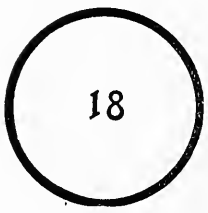


Nathan L. Miller
John P. Jaeckel
Jay Noble Emley
James T. Rogers
E. C. Stewart
George R. Malby
E. H. Fallows

James A. Blanchard
David Leventritt
George F. Victor
Joseph E. Newburger
Leo Schlenger

Benno Lowey
M. J. O'Brien
Edwin A. Richard
Abraham Stern
Morris J. Hirsch

James M. Varnum
Harold S. Lippencott
Charles O. Mass
Frank T. Fitzgerald
J. F. Hitchcock

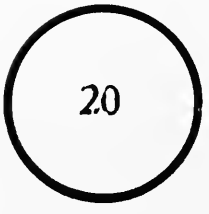


John Ford
M. B. Bryant
James N. Smith
E. H. Benn
James S. Lehmaier

Jacob H. Schiff
S. Fried
Alfred Steckler
Leopold Stern

Jacob A. Cantor
Cornelius Van Cott
L. G. Bloomingdale
Julius J. Frank

L. H. Biglow
John W. Vrooman
H. C. DuVal
Guy DuVal

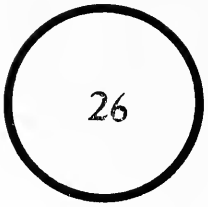


P. C. Lounsbury
E. L. Scofield
A. S. Apgar
E. M. F. Miller

TABLES

Homer C. Brigham Edward F. Burnett Daniel Howland Leo. L. Redding	21	August R. Meyer Charles E. Finney William H. Remick Charles E. Knoblauch
James H. Jenkins E. F. Brush Roger M. Sherman Egbert Grandin	22	Robert A. Murray Elihu G. Tucker J. Alvah Jenkins T. Astley Atkins
John Little Myron Wilbur George Gunton H. H. Whithead J. C. Pierrez	23	Rollin M. Morgan D. L. Safford A. H. Gleason William J. Van Pelt Frederick J. Milligan
Ira H. Brainerd Rollin C. Newton Henry G. Atwater Wayne Dumont	24	Archibald M. Pentz Henry C. Post Jas. L. Wandling Wm. Felsinger
Joseph A. Coen T. Ellwood Carpenter Joseph B. See Henry W. Sackett	25	Geo. J. Smith John D. Schoomaker Sam'l C. Miller Bradford Rhodes

TABLES



Philip Bloch
M. L. Bruce
George C. Austin
A. P. Ketcham

Hugh L. McWhirter
L. Zeller
Henry C. Backus
Benj. M. Wilcox

C. C. Thompson
J. F. Thompson
Richard Deeves
" " Guest

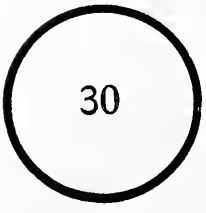
Richard Deeves, Guest
" " Guest
H. Aaron
Jas. W. Pringle

Julius M. Mayer
Morris Golland
Max S. Grifenbagen
A. S. Gilbert

Edwin A. Jones
" " Guest
H. C. Smyth
C. S. Elebash

A. R. Smith
Arthur McM. Crane
Frank R. Crumbie
Geo. B. Crumbie
Louis L. Robbins

Leroy Frost
Benj. L. Fairchild
John French
David F. Wright
Frederick Billings



Alfred Epstein
Philip Doblin
E. Kiam
Chas. Shongood

L. H. Stern
Montague Lessler
Henry Rensen
Maurice S. Hyman

TABLES

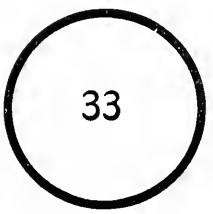
Nathan Bijur
J. W. Barlow
Geo. R. Gray
R. C. Jenkinson

Jas. L. Hays
Jas. E. Howell
Chas. F. Kilburn
Joseph Coult

Isaac H. Stout
Fredk. D. Kilburn
Chas. R. Skinner
Joseph A. Goulden

John A. Greene
Augustus S. Downing
Russell Hinman
Jotham P. Allds

Frank S. Harlow
Joseph Dykes
Joseph M. Belford
Joseph A. Marsh



Frederick P. Morris
William F. Potter
William J. Rose
E. M. L. Ehlers

Isaac N. Mills
Edson S. Lott
Frederick B. Lott
M. I. Southard

Charles H. Young
Jacob Halstead
F. M. Carpenter
G. W. Davison

Horace H. Brockway
Henry Melville
G. H. Pinney, Jr.
Henry Sidenberg

S. J. Bach
Isidor Haldenstein
Washington L. Jacques
J. D. Campbell

TABLES

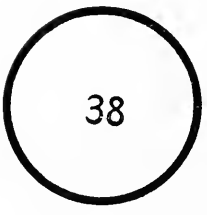
Thomas McNully
William P. Burr
George Burnham, Jr.
F. A. Burnham

Ward Brower
F. E. Tasker
James E. March
R. W. Thompson, Jr.

M. L. Stover
" " Guest
" " Guest
" " Guest

E. W. Bloomingdale
J. B. Bloomingdale
A. M. Kridel
Willard Abbott

William P. Montague
Benjamin F. Hawes
Frank Koch
Emil Rinke



I. H. Woolson
John R. Grace
" " Guest
Colin Campbell

C. B. J. Snyder
Lorenzo Semple
Robert S. Sloan
L. E. Adams

Reginald P. Bolton
F. W, Hannahs
R. O. Holt
John Haddow

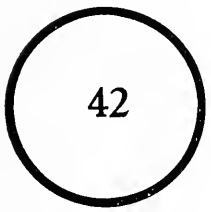
P. H. Boyle
J. P. Marshall
D. F. Payne
Edward D. Candee
A. Cane

Merritt E. Haviland
" " " Gues
Wm. E. Kisselburgh
Myer Nussbaum
John Woodward

TABLES

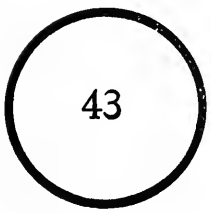
Frank Brookfield
John H. Thompson, Jr.
J. D. Thompson
Ludwig Nissen

John A. Sleicher
Austin B. Fletcher
Philip Cowen
W. C. Brown



A. P. Ketchum, Guest
Mr. Hay
" " Guest

Mr. Young
" " Guest
W. A. Tatem
William Halpin

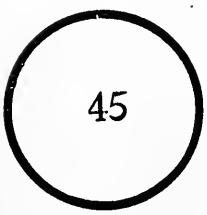


Campbell E. Locke
Charles E. Locke
Geo. L. Carlisle
I. Albert Englehart

H. T. Andrews
Robt. G. Carew
H. B. Reed
Jas. A. Robinson

Donald McLean
" " Guest
Sinclair Tousey
F. B. Thurber

Stephen W. Roach
" " Guest
" " Guest
" " Guest

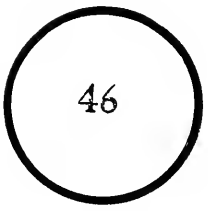


John A. Clute
" " Guest
William Gow
John C. Dorland
V. C. Dorland

D. Ridgeway Hendricks
Daniel Schnackenburg
W. B. Cogswell
T. William Smith

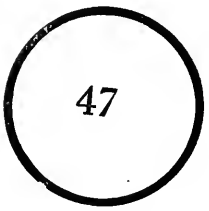
TABLES

F. G. Elwell
Hal Gaylord
Charles B. Smith
Eugene F. Ware



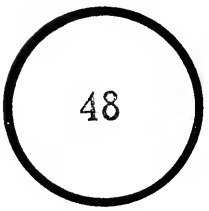
Charles Leeds
George H. Robinson
" " Guest
" " Guest

S. C. Croft
Sam'l Strasbourger
Henry Strasbourger
Franklin H. Smith



Elias Goodwin
Jas. C. Myers
Chas. Congden
David Weil

Jos. H. Emery
" " Guest
" " Guest



Johnson L. de Peyster
" " Guest